Beaver & Gephart

F P Blair

Bellefonte Republican.

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Established in 1869.} vernment, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A LINCOLN. Terms: $1.50 per Year

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21, 1891.

The President's selection of Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, to be Secretary of War is generally recognized here as the most important nomination, from a political point of view, made since the session of Congress opened. It furnishes indisputable evidence that there is a perfect understanding between the President and Secretary Blaine, and it unquestionably adds great political strength to the administration, as Mr. Elkins, in addition to being the possessor in an unusual degree of executive ability, is one of the shrewdest politicians in this country. Aside from the few gentlemen who were pushing candidates of their own for the position the appointment is entirely satisfactory to the republicans, and equally unsatisfactory to the democrats.

Wednesday of this week Congress will adjourn to January 5, for the Christmas holidays, and it is expected that Mr. Crisp will on that day announce the committee assignments. He hopes that the joys of the season will help to assuage the many disappointments among the democratic members before they will have an opportunity to display their chagrin on the floor of the House. This adjournment might as well have taken place on the day that Crisp was elected Speaker, as the House has since then done nothing but adjourn for periods of three days.

The friends of Representative Mills feel that Mr. Crisp has added insult to injury by writing a note to Mr. Mills asking him to take the second place on the Ways and Means committee, instead of offering him the chairmanship, which, they say, he would have declined anyway. Mr. Mills, in his answer to the note of Mr. Crisp, declined serving on the Ways and Means committee, and said that he had no preference as to other committees. He will probably be made chairman on the committee on Commerce.

There is quite a howl among the Southern members because the chairmanship of the two most important committees—Ways and Means, and Appropriations, are to go to Northern men, it being about settled that Springer and Holman will secure these two plums; but the opposition will not give up hope until the appointments are actually made.

If the adage "He who hesitates is lost" be true Mr. Crisp is lost almost beyond hope of ever being discovered. From the day of his election to the present time he has done nothing but hesitate, although he cannot hesitate much longer as he has promised almost positively that he will announce the committees on Wednesday.

Senator Paddock, has originated a scheme which speaks well for both his business sagacity and his largeness of heart, and Secretary Rusk has entered into a hearty co-operation with him to carry the idea out. It is proposed that the farmers of the great corn raising States of the North West shall contribute a train load of corn, which shall be carried to Russia free of freight charges, and be presented to the starving peasants of that Country, who, by practical demonstration will then know that American corn is a first-class food product, a knowledge that we have been vainly trying to impart to them for a number of years.

The democratic Senators from Indiana, are making themselves ridiculous in their efforts to work up a sentiment against the confirmation of the nomination of Judge Woods of that State to a seat on the bench of the new Circuit Court. There isn't the slightest probability that a single republican Senator will vote against Judge Woods.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Granted to Pennsylvania inventors this week. Reported by C A Snow & Co. Solicitors of American & Foreign Patents, Opp Patent Off., Washington, D C.

W P Wiemann, Allegheny, Dynamo electric machine. F A Wheeler, Sharon, Boiler furnace, J C Werner, Baldwin, machine, A W Walker Erie, Clothes wringer, N B Taylor, Sharon, Machinists' gage, M M Shellabarger, Beaver Falls, Visible strip for wire fences, J T Robinson Altoona, Car-brake, J V Rice, Chester, Steam Engine, H J Moyer, Frackville, Knockdown safe, J Passmore & P A Arp, Philipsburg, Coal mining machine J Peters, Latrobe, Making paper pipes, J S Lawler, Scranton, Sewer-gas indicator, J L Knox, Allegheny, Blasting rock, J S Henry, Manheim, Cigar-cutter, D Hess, Steelton, Vending apparatus, J S Chase, Cochranton, Surgical instrument, W Burling, Oxford, Steam generator, J Brownback, Linfield, Oven-plate, H Aiken, Pittsburg, Hydraulic valve.

ENORMOUS FIRE LOSSES.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 20.—State Insurance Commissioner Luper estimates from statistics in his department that this has been a very unfortunate year for fire insurance companies. The total fire losses in the United States last year footed up about $80,000,000, but for the ten months of this year it has reached over $125,000,000, and is still growing at the rate of $4,000,000 a week. The effect of these heavy losses has been to drive several insurance companies out of the business, but the companies in Pennsylvania have stood their loses well, and, with one or two exceptions, settled all claims promptly.

A MIRROR OF COLONIAL DAYS.

A genuine treat is in store for our theatre goers in the production of "The Witch" at the Opera House, Thursday, December, 24.

"The Witch" is a mirror of the days of witchcraft in Massachusetts. The scenes on the old Salim streets, the costumes and manners of the people, are all embodied in the play. Its historical fidelity, its perfection of plot, its elastic dialogue, and its all-engrossing, thrilling interest to the spectator has been praised by the American press everywhere. No violence is done in order to gain dramatic effect. The play impresses by its truth, and carries a far deeper lesson than a dozen ordinary dramas.

As a literary production "The Witch" stands in the front rank; it will commend itself to all who love what is refined and cultivated in the drama, and it will live in the history of the American stage.

Marie Hubert Frohman, who creates the role of Marguerite, "The Witch," is a beautiful woman. Her voice is sweet, her manner of fascinating gentleness, her personality winning. She has individualized her role with rare skill, and displays an intelligence that comprehends every phase of character she portrays and every subtle meaning of the words she speaks. Though scarcely more than a girl in years, her acting is marked by that breathless attention which only great artists can command.

Tragedy at a Fair.

POTTSVILLE, December 20.—A fatal stabbing affray occurred in Centennial hall, this place, at 10 o'clock last night. Henry Clay lodge, Knights of Pythias, has been holding a fair during the week. This evening Henry Shaw was met in the corridor of the hall by David Quinn. Quinn accused Shaw with insulting his sister. Hot words ensued, and Shaw drew a knife and stabbed Quinn in the left breast. The blade entered Quinn's heart, and death was instantaneous. The coroner held an inquest.

The police, this morning at 3 o'clock, captured Harry Shaw, who murdered David Quinn at the Knights of Pythias fair last night. The capture was made at Palo Alto, where Shaw was trying to steal a ride on a freight train. Quinn was stabbed five times by Shaw. The fatal wound cut his heart in two places. The assault was entirely without cause. Quinn was quarreling with a young man named Shaw who had insulted his sister. Harry Shaw ran between them and received a blow in the face. He then drew a dirk knife and did the cutting. Shaw is now in jail.

A COLORED PRIEST ORDAINED.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 20.—The first colored man in this country to be elevated to the Catholic priesthood was ordained Saturday morning at the cathedral by Cardinal Gibbons. He is Charles Randolph Uncles, of Baltimore. The exercises began at 7 o'clock with a low mass celebrated by Cardinal Gibbons dressed in his purple robes. On either hand were his assistants the Rev. Dr. A. L. Magnier, president of St. Mary's seminary, and the Rev. A. Sabetti, S. J., of Woodstock college. Within the alter rail forming a square four columns deep were candidates for the priesthood. The space reserved for colored people was filled to overflowing. Father Uncles is tall, well built and young. His graceful, dignified bearing drew all eyes towards him. At the close of the services he, with the others who had been ordained, joined with the seminarians and choir in singing the "Magnificat. The ordination ceremony was simple but impressive. Father Uncles will probably celebrate his first mass at St. Francis Xavier's church on Christmas morning.

A Very Handsome Number.

This week's issue of Frank Leslie's Weekly is exceedingly striking. Among the interesting pages we find photographic scenes of the recent terrible earthquake in Japan. One of these pictures shows a road near Gifu, where the cracks in the surface are wide enough for a man to stand in, and are three feet deep. There is also a page of pictures of Washington life, and by the way, we notice that Frank Leslie's Weekly is the only paper in the country which devotes a page to Washington matters as well as to foreign illustrations every week. Another magnificent page represents the Italian opera in New York City.

A PLEASING ENTERTAINMENT.

AT THE BELLEFONTE ACADEMY ON FRIDAY NIGHT.

On Friday evening the Calisthenic hall in the Bellefonte Academy was crowded almost to suffocation by a representative and appreciative audience who were present to witness an entertainment given by the music and calisthenic classes under the direction of Miss Emma S. Hughes. The Hall was handsomely decorated and the Academy colors, orange and white predominated everywhere.

The entertainment opened with the rendition of a duet "Sonato in D," by C. Bohm, by Jay Woodcock and Miss Hughes. Then followed a duet, "Polka Brilliante," by Kolling, by Helen Hastings and Miss Hughes. Then came one of the finest performances of the evening, namely, the calisthenic drill (Anvil Chorus). All the participants in this drill wore the Academy colors, and it was simply wonderful with what precision of movement and in what harmony of time the rendition was given.

Mr. James R. Hughes then added to the amusing part of the entertainment by singing a comic song entitled, 'Off to Philadelphia in the Morning." To an encore he responded with a couple original verses composed on the late foot ball games. A duet "Lied des Meermaechen," by Weber was played by Annie Blanchard and Othlie Hughes, which was followed with a duet, "Barcarolle," by Donzetti, by Othlie and Edward Hughes. Then came another duet," Jager Chor," by Weber, by Aanie Curtin and Adaline Harris, which was followed with the "Husaren March," by Curlitt, by Mary Crider and Marguerite Potter.

"The only man in town," a little farce was then very amusingly given by Misses Rebecca Blanchard, Eleanor Mitchell, Jessie Laurie, Winifred Meek, Jennie Shugert, and Messrs. Thomas Brew and Luther Hughes.

This was followed with the duets "Vaillance Polka Militaire," by Konski, by Miss Ruth Tripple and Miss Hughes, and "La Sultana Valse Brillant" by Jessie Lyon and Miss Hughes, both of which productions were superb. The entertainment closed with a Christmas Carol sung by the members of the school, while marching in and forming in pyramid and then retiring. The entertainment was a complet success.

THEY WILL SHOOT PEOPLE THROUGH TUBES.

From the St. Louis republic.

A company has recently been formed in Hamburg for the purpose of putting into practical work a novel plan for the transportation of passengers and freight in pneumatic tube large enough to take a car 40 inches in diameter and about 6 feet long. This car is divided into three compartments, each of which will accommodate a passenger. Each compartment is to contain an apparatus filled with compressed air, so that passengers can have an ample supply of pure air as long as they remain boxed up.

This car is to be shot through the tube at a high rate of speed, but with a gentle, sliding motion.

One of the foreign papers, in referring to this railroad remarks: "Travelers will be allowed a limited amount of baggage, but smoking will be strictly prohibited." An experimental line is to be built on this principle between Hamburg and Buchen, a distance of about fifteen miles, which the cars are expected to traverse in eleven minutes.

A SENSATION IN ITS FIRST ISSUE.

DUBLIN, December 18.—The new newspaper, the Irish Independent, after several attempts had been made to issue it, all of which were rendered futile, owing to the breaking of the machinery, finally succeeded in getting everything working properly and the first issue appeared to-day. The paper asserts that a large package, bearing no address, was recently posted in the Dublin postoffice. The sorter of mails noticed the absence of an address, and while examining the package found a fuse protruding from it. The postal authorities were immediately notified, and the package was taken to Dublin Castle, where it was found to contain a quantity of dynamite.

A MURDER IN HUNTINGDON COUNTY.

HUNTINGDON, Dec. 17.—The body of a finely dressed man, aged about 35, with his throat cut from ear to ear and severing the jugular vein, was found suspended by the neck in a flouring mill at Petersburg this morning. From naturalization papers found on the body the man was doubtless Maxwell Castino, a Russian Jew. No instrument with which the cutting could have been done was found, which indicates that Castino was first murdered and his body afterwards suspended. Twelve feet from the body was a large pool of blood. The man had evidently been dead for days. The coroner is making a searching inquiry.

FOR SECRETARY OF WAR.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS TO SUCCEED PROCTOR.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The President to day sent to the Senate the nomination of Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, to be Secretary of War.

Stephen B. Elkins was born in Perry county, Ohio, September 26, 1841. He removed to Missouri when very young was graduated at Missouri University in 1860 and studied law. He served in 1862-3 as a Captain in the 77th Missouri Regiment and in the latter year went to the Bar in 1864. He also engaged in mining and stock-raising there and accumulated a fortune. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1865-6, Attorney General of the Territory in 1865-9, and United States Attorney in 1870-2. He was then elected a Delegate to Congress and served two terms, from 1873 to 1877. Mr. Elkins was a member of the Republican National Committee from 1872 to 1885. He took an active part in nominating James G. Blaine for the Presidency and earnestly supported him in the canvass.

A HANDSOME BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

The literary world is stirred considerably by Rev. Charles Hastings Dodd's new book: "Gallery of Bida Engravings," containing one hundred descriptive scenes and themes in the life of Christ. The design of the present volume is so simple that it requires no prefatory word of explanation.

"Alexandra Bido," the world famous artist, visited the Holy Land to view the scenes where Christ lived, to study his face, race, country and mission, and brought back with him the freshest impression of scenes which everywhere appear in the narative. Every event is pictured with the skill of a true artist. The real scenes and all the actors stand clearly revealed before us.

The mission of this book with the fine reflective power of its engravings, and the fervent view of the sacred history which it seeks in a double manner to express cannot fail to serve as a stimulating aid to the study of the Scriptures.

The name of the author is deservedly held in high regard as that of one of the great men of this eventful century.

Among literary productions of the class to which it belongs, this is destined to take and hold a high rank, and should be found in every home. No one can peruse its pages without feeling the inspiration which comes from personal converse with a great and noble mind. He who has read one of the descriptive scenes will find it is written in such a charming and fascinating style will want to read all of them. And the book is one which can be trusted as entirely safe in its teachings, and written by such a master hand that both old and young will welcome it in the home with great delight. There is an actual educational force in Bida's work to which Doré can lay no sort of a claim. Its generous printable pages are adorned with 100 fine full page engravings. Published by Henry Neil, 44 East 14th Street, N. Y. No book can go astray in securing this book.

Engineer William Denny Killed.

HUNTINGDON, December 18.—Engineer William Denney who had charge of the Pennsylvania railroad water station at Warrior Ridge, three miles west of this place, was instantly killed last night by a shifting engine. He was standing on the north track awaiting the passing of an east bound freight train, when the shifting engine, unobserved by him, ran him down. Perhaps few employes of the Pennsylvania railroad company had a wider circle of friends than Mr. Denny. He was uniformally courteous and kind, and possessed a most winning disposition. He was a skilled mechanic. He was a man of deep and broad intelligence, and was particularly conspicuous for his generous acquaintance with both ancient and modern history. He was aged about 37 years, and leaves a wife and four children. He had resided at Warrior's Ridge nearly all his life, having succeeded his father as engineer after the latters death. His funeral will take place here on Sunday afternoon.

Prohibition National Convention.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—The National Prohibition Convention met here this afternoon for the purpose of deciding upon the time and place for holding the next National Convention to nominate candidates for President and Vice President. The meeting was presided over by Samuel Dickey, the National Chairman. About eighty-five delegates were present, including Ex-Governor John P. St. John, of Kansas, who is prominently spoken of for the head of the ticket. It was decided to hold the convention at St. Louis, June 29.

—Next on the list—"The Witch."

ITALY GROWS IMPATIENT.

URGING ACTION ON THE NEW ORLEANS INCIDENT.

Rome, Dec. 17.—In the Chamber of Deputies to-day, Signor Guelpa asked how the Government proposed to settle the matter of the lynching of a number of Italian subjects in New Orleans, in March last, and why the Italian Consul in that city had not been recalled.

It was time, said Signor Guelpa, to put an end to the strained situation existing between the two counties and for the Italian Government to take such steps as would insure in the future the protection of Italians residing in the United States.

Premier Di Rudini, in replying to Signer Guelpa, said that in view of the attitude of the United State he had every reason to hope for a satisfactory settlement of the unfortunate affair.

WOMEN WHO DIE EARLY.

Many of our most beautiful and accomplished ladies die before they have reached the prime of life. Of those who live to middle age only one in two hundred is sound; the other one hundred and ninety nine are sufferers. Why is it? Self-neglect. The shattered health can be restored; the home made happy, and your life lengthened if you commence at once.

"Rose buds" have been used for 20 years in the private practice of one of the most eminent physicians of Paris, and the following diseases and their distressing symptoms yield to them like magic; Ulceration, Congestion and falling of the Womb, Ovarian Tumors, Dropsy of the Womb, Bearing Down Pains, Rupture at Childbirth and Miscarriages. One package of "Rose buds" will make a new woman of you.

(Leucorrhea or Whites are generally cured by one application.) Price per package (one months treatment) $1.00 sent by mail post paid, securely packed. The Leverette Specific Co., 339 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

MARIE HUBERT FROHMAN VS THE WITCH.

"The Witch" which is to be produced at the Opera House Thursday, Dec. 24th, is one of the most pronounced successes of recent years—charming audience and critics alike of its singular beauty and originality of construction.

It is under the direction of Mr. Gustave Frohman who was the manager of the Harrison Square theatre during its palmiest days, and from whence emanated those wonderful successes:

"Hazel Kirke," "Esmeralda," "May Blossom," "The Professor," "Young Mrs. Winthrop" etc. Judging from the universal praise bestowed upon it, "The Witch" is evidently destined to have even a longer life than either of those plays.

THE Department of Agriculture, which has charge of the Weather Bureau, announces a change in the weather predictions. Instead of being based upon observations at 8 a. m. and 8 p. m., and running for twenty-four hours from the time the observations were taken, they will be made to cover the time until midnight of the next day. When this takes effect, which will be on the 1st of January next, the predictions printed in the morning papers will appear early in the day to which they apply, while those in the evening papers will be for the day after.

The public will be informed on the evening before of the expected weather, and will be given an improved forcast the next morning, if improvment is needed. By this plan the needs of the public will be much more fully met

The Place To Advertise.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Dec. 20.—Richard Mansfield has issued instructions to his manager to discontinue the use of lithographs and printing of all kinds for use in windows and on walls, and to confine all advestising exclusively to the newspapers. He is firmly convinced that this is the only proper way to reach all classes of theater-goers.

"The influence and tremendous power of the press as an advertising medium is making itself felt more and more every day, both in business and theatrical circles A man who does not read the newspapers never attends the theaters," says Mr. Mansfield. "The weekly expenditure for printing, at a low average, is $150, which makes for a season of forty weeks $6,000. In the event of $100 companies adopting my system, which is a small ratio of the number of companies on the road, it would give to the newspapers a yearly revenue of $600,000, which I am satisfied would bring greater and more satisfactory results, both to the theater-going public and the attractions.

Congressional Probabilities.

WASHINGTON, December 20.—The death of Senator Plumb has negatived any disposition on the part of congressmen to engage in legislative business during the few days that remain before the beginning of the holiday recess, for the senate will doubtless acquiesce in the action of the house and adjourn on Wednesday next over the holidays. The obsequies of the late Senator Plumb, with the few remarks of sympathy usual on such occasions, will probably fully occupy the time of the senate up to the beginning of recess, and the only matter of business that can come before the house in the meantime is the apportionment of committees if the speaker is able to complete his list by Wednesday morning.

PIRATES IN THE ARCTIC.

THEY ROB A MINE, A CHURCH, AND THE ALASKA COMPANY.

San Francisco, December 21.—When the little steamer Hattie Gage reaches here next Wednesday, from Sitka, it will be plastered deep with libels. The men on board of it seem to have been carrying on a piratical cruise in the Arctic, and are not only guilty of mutiny, but have robbed a mine, a church and a supply district of the Alaska commercial company.

The Hattie Gage sailed from here last June, in command of Captain Downs, for Coal Harbor. On board were two men named Tibbey as passengers. The first row occurred at Victoria, where the Tibbeys wished to smuggle aboard liquor. At Coal Harbor the Tibbeys proposed a cruise in Berhing Sea. They inveigled Captain Downs ashore and abandoned him. Then, with Mate Andrews in charge, they sailed away for adventures.

They stopped at a deserted village of Nicholaski, in Alaska, and robbed the Greek church alter. While on the Behring Sea they did not find a single seal, and on the second day the Alert warned them out. A fortnight later they raided the Alaska Commercial company's storehouse at Portage bay, taking provisions and hard ware.

The Gage was seized at Sand Point by the cutter Corwin, and taken to Sitka, where it was released. The captain and five of the crew are here and will libel the vessel for wages, while George W. Sessions, owner of the mine at Little Squaw Harbor, will also libel it.

YOUNG BLAINE DRESSED DOWN.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—The Evening Sun says: A very dramatic incident enlivened the Blaine divorce proceedings, which were in progress at the office of Referee Lord to-day. Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., arrived with her friend, Mrs. Ogden Doremus. She did not know that the law gave her husband the right to be present. When she saw him there, although she had not met him since she bid him goodby at Bar Harbor three years ago, she controlled any sign of surprise so well that her companion never suspected that the man who rose as they entered was the person in question.

Mrs. Doremus had seen Mr. Blaine before, but it was years ago, and as his wife did not take the slightest notice of him, she did not suspect that it was he. During the proceedings Mrs. Doremus got into an excited state of mind. She looked round for some sympathetic person. To the person next her she said:

"The man in this case is a scoundrel and poltroon."

"Do you know to whom you are talking?" snapped the individual addressed.

"No," she replied.

"Well, I am Mr. Blaine."

Mrs. Doremus flushed slightly, and then continued quickly and with increasing emphasis:

"I did not know that you were Mr. Blaine when I spoke. But I repeat it now. A man who would abandon not only his wife, but his innocent child, at the dictation of his father and——"

"Don't mention my mother's name," burst in Mr. Blaine.

"Since you have mentioned it," calmly continued Mrs. Doremus, "I will add, or his mother, is a poltroon and a scoundrel."

Mr. Blaine had nothing handy to reply and the passage at arms came to an end.

HOW MANY CATS?

"If 300 cats can kill 300 rats in 300 days how many cats will it take to kill 100 rats in 100 days?" A fine toned Upright Piano will be gived by THE QUEEN to the first person answering the above problem correctly; an elegant Gold Watch will be given for the second correct answer; a China Dinner Set will be given for the third correct answer; an elegant Silk Dress Pattern will be given for the fourth correct answer, and many other valuable prizes, all of which will be announced in the next issue of THE QUEEN. As the object of offering these prizes is to attact attention to our popular family magazine each person answering must enclose six U. S. 2 cent stamps for sample number containing full particulars. Send to-day. You may secure a valuable prize. $10 in gold will be paid for the best original problem to be published in a future number. Address THE CANADIAN QUEEN, Toronto, Can.

A QUERE RACE.

[Continued.]

"But the aborigines—the Caribs—you can surely count upon them?"

"On their good will, yes; but not on their help in the field. They have lost their old fighting habits, and have not been trained as our young men have been trained. It was considered policy not to train them—a mistaken policy, in my opinion; but such is the fact, and this is no time to cherish illusions."

"Do you know the country on the other side of the creek?"

"Very well. But you must be very familiar with a country to find your way through a thickly wooded district, where roads are scarce and people few. There is a hamlet called Weston's which cannot be very far off. We must make for that, and, with the help of your pocket-compass I dare say we shall be able to get there."

In the meanwhile we were pushing on through bush and brake, wading swamps, clambering over fallen trees, our clothes in tatters, our hands and faces scratched with brambles and covered with blood—stopping at nothing in our race for life, yet all the while listening intently, and not forgetting to keep a lookout for lurking enemies.

At length our perseverance receives its reward. The channel is in sight. We have struck it (following in the track of the deer) at a point where it is wide and presumably shallow. The banks on the hither side are low, marshy, and covered with reeds; on the side over against us, high and steep, and, for a space of several hundred yards, destitute of cover.

On coming to the water's edge we pause for a brief colloquy. The tide, though not at its lowest, is ebbing fast. Shall we wait until it ebbs further? My advice is, decidedly not. The Cariberoes may be on our trail—almost certainly are on our trail; the low reeds afford hardly any protection, and even while we stand here whispering we may be shot down by unseen foemen.

"There is no fear of our drowning," says Mab; "we can all swim."

"But if we swim we shall wet our ammunition, and that might be fatal. We are all tall, too, and I hope we shall be able to do it wading. Come! There is no time to lose. I shall fasten the cartridges round my neck, and hold my rifle and revolver over my head. You two go first, and as you cannot well wade one way and look another, I will stay here and protect your passage."

"And when we are on the other side we will do the same service for you. Come! Marian!"

And with that they plunged boldly into the stream, the queen (who had fastened few cartridges in her hair) holding her rifle above her head. The tide ran very strong, and I watched their movements with anxiety; but these women were strong, active, and courageous, and though more than once up to the neck, they showed no sign of wavering, and in a few minutes had gained the opposite bank.

Mab raised her rifle to show that she had kept her powder dry, and, standing on guard, motioned me to join them.

"So far, so good," I said, when I was safely across. "Now mount that bank as quickly as you can, and wait for me among the trees."

"And what will you do?"

"Stay here until you are safe up there. You will be very much exposed while you are climbing that bluff and walking up the slope."

"And you?"

"Don't trouble about me. I shall be all right. I can mount the bluff in a few minutes, and I shall make sure the coast is clear before I start. I remain behind only by excess of precaution—to make assurance doubly sure, as it were. Your life is very valuable, remember. We must not throw away a single chance. But this is no time for discussion. Don't stand upon the order of your going, but go."

Mab acquiesced, though, as it seemed to me, rather reluctantly.

"When you hear the cry of the bell-bird," she said, as they set off, "you will know that we have reached the trees."

When the two girls had gained the top of the cliff (from which to the edge of the forest was a stiffish ascent of nearly a mile) and were lost to view, I considered my own position.

It was very exposed. Between the foot of the bluff and the edge of the water was a space of some ten or a dozen yards, and as I stood there, waiting for Mab's signal, it struck me that I should make a splendid target for the arrows of any Cariberoes who might be lurking about on the other side; so I thought it might be just as well to take advantage of the only bit of cover there was about—a stunted bush. But finding that it would not conceal me sitting, much less standing, I laid myself down, almost full length, at right angles to the creek, and, after placing my weapons and ammunition handy, leaned on my elbows and peered lazily through the bush, wondering the while how soon I should hear the cry of the bell-bird.

After this I think I must have dozed a few seconds, for I opened my eyes with a start, and by way of keeping myself awake for the rest of my vigil (the run and the wade having made me decidedly sleepy) rubbed them vigorously and stared my hardest.

The reeds were moving.

"A deer," I thought (they were about the height of a deer), "or perhaps some other wild animal. I am sure there is a good deal more game on Swamp Island than Mab has any idea of. There it is again! Something black! The snout of an alligator, perhaps. No. The woolly head of a Cariberoe, by Jupiter! Nothing else."

The next moment the woolly head was followed by a bronzed, tattooed savage face. It gazed furtively round, and then the Cariberoe, seemingly satisfied with the result of his inspection, rose to his feet and waved his hand, whereupon six more Cariberoes rose to their feet; and after another look round, the seven put their heads together, like jurymen considering their verdict.

At the same moment the note of the bell-bird rang out loud and clear.

"I am glad you are safe, Mab," I muttered; "but I am afraid I shall not be able to join you until these rascals have taken themselves off."

That they would take themselves off I made no doubt—in time. They had nothing to gain by following us further, and were not in sufficient force for a raid. This was my theory, at least; but after awhile I began to fear that the Cariberoes did not take quite the same view of the matter. Their proceedings, when they had done putting their heads together, were ominous in the extreme. They went down to the water's edge, gesticulating fiercely and talking incessantly. They pointed to our footmarks in the mud, then to the bluff and toward the forest, as if they had a very strong suspicion that we were not very far off. Perhaps they had seen the flutter of a gown among the trees.

Were they going to follow us up, after all? It looked like it; for after another putting together of heads, they unstrung their bows, and fastened the strings round their heads. Then the tallest of the lot, after beckoning to the others to follow, stepped into the stream, and cautiously feeling his way with his long spear, made straight toward the bush behind which I was lying *perdu*.

"I am in a pretty tight fix, now, and no mistake!" I thought. "Seven blood-thirsty savages within a hundred yards of me, and no getting away! The mere raising of my head would be my death-warrant."

I confess it candidly, I was dreadfully frightened; but only for a moment. The very extremity of my peril seemed to steel my nerves and clear my brain, and almost on the instant I made my plan of campaign. Though I had little hope of saving my life, the attempt was worth making, and I might, at any rate, stop the pursuit and give the two girls a chance of making good their escape.

Again the note of the bell-bird.

Slowly, and taking infinite pains to avoid stirring the bush or exposing my body, I brought my rifle to bear, and waited until the Cariberoes were in mid-stream, up to the arm-pits in water. Then, taking deliberate aim, I shot the tall fellow who had first stepped into the water through the head. Down he went, and was swept away with the tide; but the others, after a moment of hesitation, gave a loud yell and charged in a body toward the bush. Wading in deep water is, however, slow work. I re-loaded my rifle, fired again, and brought a second man down.

"Surely," I thought, "that will stop them!"

But no; they came on if possible more resolutely than before; and one rascal threw his spear with aim so true that had I not managed to ward off the stroke with my rifle, I should have been pinned to the ground.

I gripped my revolver, loosened the knife which I carried at my belt, and prepared for a life and death struggle at close quarters. But the odds were fearfully against me—five to one—and I felt that there was now nothing for it but to sell my life as dearly as possible.

Hark! The crack of a rifle up there beyond the bluff, the whistle of a bullet through the air, and a third Cariberoe drops stone dead, and is swept away by the tide.

"God bless you, Queen Mab! You have saved my life."

The four surviving savages, now effectually cowed, pulled up short, and, turning round, make back as fast as they can. I had already re-loaded my rifle, and could easily have picked one of them off, but for pity's sake I forebore; the danger was past, and I felt that there had been slaughter enough. Mab, however, gave them a parting shot, which, though it hit one of the fellows, did not seem to hurt him much; for, after a howl and a stumble, he continued his flight, and kept up with the others.

As they disappeared among the reeds I sprung up the bluff, where, as I expected, I met the queen.

"Thank Heaven you are safe!" she exclaimed, fervently. "I feared those wretches had killed you. I am again your debtor for my life."

"It is the other way about—you have saved mine."

"Oblige me by not talking nonsense, Mr. Erle," she answered in her imperious way. "Had you not stayed down there at the risk of your life, what would have become of Marian and me?"

"Had you not left the shelter of the forest, at the risk of your life, and shot that Cariberoe in the very nick of time, what would have become of me?"

"You would have shot him yourself and escaped all the same."

"I am sure I shouldn't. They would have been on me before I could re-load my rifle, and though I might have killed two or three more of them, they would certainly have killed me. Shall we settle the dispute by saying that each of us saved the other's life. Then we shall be quits."

"Say what you like; we shall not be quits"—smiling. "I am still your debtor, and some time— But never mind that now. Why did those Cariberoes attempt to follow us across the creek?"

"The very question I have been asking myself."

"Don't you think they wanted, at all hazards, to prevent us from giving the alarm?"

"Either that, or there are many more of them down there than we have any idea of, and they are going to invade Fair Island at once."

"It is possible," said Mab, anxiously. "Let us go on. Oh, that we had fleet horses; or, still better, some of those wonderful speaking wires you have told me about!"

CHAPTER XXVI.—FRIENDS IN NEED.

It was very easy to say, "Let us go on." But as Mab had only the vaguest idea of the way to Weston's, and I had none, whatever, the carrying out of the proposal was attended with some little difficulty. She thought that if we went east by north we should not be far out; and east by north we went—as nearly as we could; for going straight in that part of the island was quite out of the question. We were forced to make long detours, and in order to advance one mile in a straight line we had generally to walk about three miles. And yet we seemed to get no further; we were always toiling over the same sort of ground, always surrounded by the same bushes and trees, and our view was always limited to a circle of a few yards.

At length, late in the afternoon, when the deepening gloom of the forest was reminding us that if we did not soon get out of it we should have to stay there all night, we came to a knoll bare of underwood, where the trees were tall and far apart.

"Suppose you climb one of them?" said Mab.

It was a happy thought, and I proceeded to act on it forthwith, selecting for the purpose the tree that seemed the easiest to mount, for I was fearfully tired.

The first look when I got to the top was bitterly disappointing. The prospect was magnificent, but nowhere a sign of life, and I was just about to descend with my bad news, when I caught sight of a faint blue line rising slowly out of a mass of greenery, about two miles to the eastward.

"Smoke!" I shouted, as I slithered rapidly down the tree. "I have seen smoke," I repeated, as I reached *terra firma*, "and where that smoke is we shall find a fire and a house, and somebody to show us the way."

We resumed our journey in high spirits, and after a further tramp of half an hour or so we struck a beaten track which led us to a clearing, a field of maize, an orchard, and finally to a farm-house.

This was Weston's, and we found Weston at home, and, despite our disreputable appearance, received a warm welcome. But Mab looked so very unlike a queen, that when I told him who she was he evidently thought we were poking fun at him. But when he heard our story his doubts disappeared. The possibility of an incursion of Cariberoes alarmed him greatly; he offered to accompany us part of the way to Fairhaven, and to do everything in his power to facilitate our journey thither. We were too much fatigued to go on without rest, but we gathered that if we took about six hours' sleep, started at midnight, and traveled by light of moon, we might possibly reach our destination by the following evening—"possibly," because much depended on the wind.

Mab asked what the wind had to do with it, whereupon Weston explained that we could not foot it all the way to Fairhaven much under two days and a half; but at Dottrel's, distant about six hours, was a stream known as the Roothing (doubtless so named by some Essex man), by which, as it ran very swiftly, we could reach the coast in six hours more, whence, with good luck and a fair wind, we might make Fairhaven Creek before nightfall.

As for boats, Dottrel would see to that; and if the queen desired, he would, of course, be delighted to act as our pilot.

After asking my opinion, and thanking Weston for his advice, Mab decided to take it, and trust to Providence for a fair wind.

In the meanwhile Weston's wife had prepared us a substantial meal, of which we stood in sore need. She, moreover, placed her wardrobe at the disposal of Mab and her maid; and being as ragged as any beggar, I gladly accepted the offer of a suit of Weston's homespun.

It was the first time I had been in a Fair Island farm-house. The building was of wood, one-storied, and very roughly put together, and the internal arrangements were primitive in the extreme. On the other hand, if there was little refinement, there was great plenty. The Weston's had fields and orchards, slaves and goats (which supplied them with milk), and food and fruit in abundance; but none of the family (and there were seven children) could either read or write, and there was not a book in the house.

Weston complained much of the wear and tear of slaves arising from their use as beasts of burden. It was this which made them so savage and discontented. If they had horses or oxen, he thought slave labor might be dispensed with, and that would greatly simplify matters so far as the Cariberoes were concerned.

This was obviously meant as a hint to the queen.

"I know," she said, thoughtfully, "but horses are not the only things we lack and when the present danger is past we will have several changes for the better, as you will see, Mr. Weston."

The place-names in Fair Island were rather peculiar. A farm or plantion, even though it might afterward expand into a village, was almost always called after the first settler. Thus, Weston's would remain Weston's, whoever might subsequently become its owner. Occupations and professions were most hereditary, not by law, but by the force of custom. The parsons were all descendants of the "Hecate's" chaplain, and bore his name; the doctors were Sergants; the school-masters, Switchers; the carpenters, Browns; the blacksmiths, Coles; and so forth. Lawyers, there were none; but that, as Mab afterward told me, he looked upon as a blessing to be thankful for not as a want to be deplored. Neither were there any prisons, breaches of the law (except treason, the sole capital offense) being punished solely by "sequestration" (a rigorous form of boycotting). A few weeks of this regimen was generally found quite sufficient to bring the most hardened sinners to their senses; and wrong-doers who expressed contrition and seemed all repentant were always pardoned.

It was hard work, rising at midnight. I felt as if I had only just fallen asleep but our business did not brook delay, and a quarter past twelve we set out on our six hours' tramp, accompanied by Weston, who took us to Dottrel's, and Dottrel placed his best boat at our disposal, and agreed to pilot us to Fairhaven.

Before we parted from Weston, Mab asked him to keep a sharp lookout for the Cariberoes, and if they appeared in force, to send her word immediately.

"If they appear," he said, grimly, I shall disappear. I don't want to have my throat cut. I will come myself, and bring the women and children with me."

The swift-flowing river carried us rapidly to the sea; the wind was fair; when the sun sunk behind the mountain we were off Fairhaven Creek, and by the time we reached the landing-place at the foot of the hill it was quite dark.

CHAPTER XXVII.—TREASON.

Mab, who for the last hour or two had been thoughtful and taciturn, told me in a whisper to follow her silently, and if we were accosted by anybody not to answer. She did not want to be recognized. At the outskirts of the town she turned off into a by-path, and after walking about ten minutes, stopped at the door of a solitary cottage.

"Have you that letter?" she asked me.

"Yes; here it is!"—giving it to her.

"Wait here until I return;" and with that she opened the door and went in.

"Whose house is it?" I asked Marian.

"Sybil's."

"Very old, isn't she?"

"More than a hundred; she is the only person in the island who remembers Denzil Fane. She is very wise, and they say"—hesitating.

"Yes; what do they say?"

"That she can read your thoughts by looking into your eyes, and tell your fortune by examining your hand."

"I suppose people are afraid of her?"

"Awfully. They say she can kill with a glance, or, at least, work anybody who offends her grievous harm. But the queen fears her not, and Sybil likes her. Nobody else would dare go into Sybil's house unbidden. I would not for all the world."

We went on talking, or, rather, I let the girl go on chattering until the door opened a second time, and Mab, standing at the threshold, beckoned me to enter.

I obeyed, and, after passing through a sort of vestibule, found myself in a low-ceiled room, dimly lighted by a swinging lamp. Under the lamp sat a tall old woman, with the most peculiar countenance I ever saw—and since I left Liverpool I had seen some very queer ones. A mass of snow-white hair covered her shoulders and fell down to her waist. Her powerful face was like a corrugated bronze mask; but her ears, her neck, and her eyelids were as white as her hair, and her little eyes glowed in their deep, sunken sockets like live coals.

Though rather startled, I did not feel much alarmed, and met the gaze of those burning eyes without flinching.

"Let me see your hand," she said, after staring at me a full minute.

I showed her my hand, which she examined with great care, both back and front.

"He is the man!"—to Mab.

Then turning to me—

"You are an Englishman. The last Englishman I saw was Denzil Fane. He founded this commonwealth. You are its destined savior. You have done much already, yet your task has only just begun. But fortune and happiness await you. And now go, for there is danger in delay. Take with you the blessing of an old woman, and ask God for His. The peril is great, and so is the prize, and the omens are good."

"Come!" said Mab, giving me her hand; and we went out into the darkness.

"Whither?" I asked.

"You will see. Quick! If we are late, harm may befall."

She led the way, almost at a run, back into the main road and up the hill, never pausing until we were in the middle of the great square. The Government House was lighted up, and before the entrance, which seemed to be guarded by armed men, was gathered the largest crowd I had yet seen in the island. But nobody recognized us—hardly noticed us, in fact; and giving the crowd a wide berth, we went round to the rear of the building, which we found silent and deserted. It was, however, easy for Mab, who knew all the ins and outs, to gain admittance, and we entered unperceived, by a wicket opening into a corridor which gave access to the great hall, where we could see all that went on without ourselves being seen.

Torches of resinous wood, stuck in brackets, threw a lurid light on a strange and picturesque scene. Fifty or sixty armed men, broken up into twos and threes, some walking rapidly to and fro, others violently gesticulating, are engaged in a discussion which evidently excites them to the utmost, but as all talk together it is not easy to distinguish what they say. Suddenly a side door opens, and Amyas Fane flings into the hall. He is followed by Oliver, Field, and other members of the Council of Nine.

The clamor ceases, and is succeeded by a silence so intense that we might have heard the dropping of the traditional pin.

"I protest against this decision of the Council," exclaims Amyas. "They have actually dared to reject me, and nominate Oliver Fane as Queen Mab's successor. It is infamous. I am her legitimate successor. Her death makes me *ipso facto* protector of the commonwealth, and I will maintain my rights against all comers."

This declaration is followed by shouts of applause from several of his friends, who gather round him, as if for the purpose of giving him their moral support, and, if the need should arise, probably something more.

"You forget, Amyas," said Field, quietly, "that according to Denzil Fane's will and our constitution, the Council have a right of selection, and this right they have, by a unanimous decision, exercised in favor of your cousin Oliver."

"It is all a base intrigue. The right is obsolete, and I refuse to recognize it."

"You set the Council at defiance, then?"

"I treat their decision with contempt, if that is what you mean; and I shall instantly declare myself protector, and appeal to the people for their support."

"That is flat rebellion, and, as president of the Council, I order you under arrest."

"You do, do you? And who will execute your decree, I should like to know?" demands Amyas, insolently.

"I will," says Oliver, stepping forward with dignity. "You had better submit quietly, Amyas."

"Oh yes; very quietly"—drawing his sword, an example which is followed by his partisans, among whom I perceived Bolsover, armed with cutlass and revolver. "Touch me at your peril!"

Oliver, Field, and the others also draw their swords.

"You are mad, Amyas. I ask you for the last time to submit," says Oliver, "if only for the sake of your deluded friends. You are the weaker party, and are sure to be worsted."

"Take that for your answer!" shouts Amyas, making a desperate lunge at his cousin. "Now, gentlemen, at them! We will soon see which is the weaker party."

"Stop!"

And Queen Mab, who has glided unseen from her hiding-place, stands between the combatants, and with imperious gesture bids them lower their weapons. The two leaders step back aghast, and terror is depicted on every face, for all believe they see before them a visitant from the world of spirits.

"The 'Diana' went down in the storm—and it did not seem possible—" stammers Amyas, in a voice so broken as to be hardly audible.

"How know you she went down? And, even though you had seen me perish, would that have been enough to justify you in setting the Council at defiance and provoking a civil war? Amyas Fane, you are a murderer, a traitor, and a dastard!"

"Madame!"

"I repeat it; a murderer, a traitor, and a dastard. You cut the 'Diana' from her moorings in the hope that she would be carried out to sea, and that we who were on board would thereby perish. Don't deny it; I know you did. It was a murderous, a traitorous, and a dastardly deed. And you wrote this letter to Mr. Erle, virtually threatening him with death if he obeyed not your behest to leave the island within ten days, because, I suppose, you thought I had in him a brave and devoted friend, who, in case of need, would defend my person and defeat your plots! And so he has. Twice, nay, three times, has he saved my life. But for him I should not be here to-night."

To all this Amyas answers never a word. All his boldness has vanished; his knees bend under him, and he bows his head in shame and confusion.

"You have nothing to urge in your defense. You admit the truth of these charges. It is better so. Without adding perjury to your other sins, you could not deny them. Gentlemen, I appeal to you all—even to those of you who call yourselves his friends—what shall be done with this man, who virtually pleads guilty to a charge of actual treason and attempted murder? Pronounce his doom! It is not meet for me to be both accuser and judge."

The queen paused for a reply; but none liked to utter the word which was in every mind, and there ensued a painful silence that lasted for several minutes.

At length a white-haired member of the Council, who numbered more years than the century, broke the spell.

"This man deserves death," he said, slowly and deliberately; and the sentence was repeated by fifty voices. Not even the men who had been ready to fight for him had aught to urge in arrest of judgment.

"Yes," said the queen, "he deserves death. But the prerogative of mercy is mine, and I freely pardon him, as I have a right to do, for his offense was against me personally. I pardon him, not because he is my kinsman, but because I believe that he is not wholly bad. He has been led away by pride, envy, and ambition; yet he has good qualities, and if opportunity be given him he will make reparation and redeem his honor. Another reason for sparing him is that we have need of him, as of every man who can wield a sword and draw a bow. The Cariberoes are in Swamp Island, and I dare say by this time have crossed the creek—"

"The Cariberoes!"—"Impossible!"—"Who says so?"—"Has anybody seen them?" and a hundred other exclamations of incredulity, astonishment and doubt followed the queen's announcement, which cause almost as great a sensation as her own re-appearance had done.

"Is this really true, Mabel?" asked Field, when the clamor had somewhat subsided. "I know you think so; but there is such a thing as being misinformed. Has anybody actually seen the Cariberoes?"

"Yes; we have seen them, been chased by them, and had to run and fight for our lives."

And then Mab told what had happened, from the beginning of our involuntary cruise on the "Diana" to our return to Fairhaven. This done, she continued—

"So, you see, that which we and our fathers had so long feared has at length come to pass. You may be quite sure that the braves we encountered are either the forerunners of a large force, perhaps two or three thousand strong, or that a large force has already landed on Swamp Island. At any rate, it is not safe to act on any other assumption. You know, too, that many of the Calibans, who are of their own blood, being greatly discontented (I fear not without reason) will certainly join them—have probably invited them to come over, for several of late have mysteriously disappeared; boats have also been missed. Hence the danger is very great, and unless it be nipped in the bud the consequences may be disastrous, nay, ruinous. It will not be enough merely to repel the invasion. We must crush the invaders if we would not be crushed ourselves. It will be a severe struggle, yet if we all pull together success is sure. What say you, Amyas; will you take part in the struggle, and endeavor, by loyalty and devotion, to win back your good name and my confidence?"

"Only give me the chance, and you shall see—I swear—"

"But I cannot allow you to remain captain of my guard—that were unfair to better men; you must serve in the ranks as a common archer."

Amyas, who seemed deeply moved, bowed his head and kissed her hand.

"I am more than conquered," he said. "The life which I had forfeited and you have spared is yours, Queen Mab. Dispose of me as you think best. I ask only an opportunity to prove that I am not unworthy of your kindness and forgiveness. So help me God, I will serve you faithfully to the death."

"It only remains now," the queen went on, after a moment's consideration—"it only remains now to say who shall undertake the necessary preparations, organize our small army, and command it in the field. To this office I appoint our guest, Mr. Sidney Erle. He holds the Queen of England's commission; he has been trained to arms. I can personally testify that he is brave, and as wise in council as he is prompt in action. It is a post of great difficulty and danger, nevertheless, although we can offer him little other reward than our gratitude, I am sure we may count on his loyalty and devotion."

CHAP. XXVIII.—BOLSOVER HIMSELF AGAIN.

Astonishment was not the word. For the moment I was simply stricken dumb. The idea of my commanding an army of piebald warriors in the field seemed too absurd for credence. I could not believe that Mab was in earnest, and I was about to tell her so, when she drew me aside.

"I know all you are going to say," she said. "You would rather not; but for my sake—"

"I would do a great deal for your sake; but, really, you know, it is quite out of the question. I cannot conduct a war and command an army. You must find a much better man—"

"I cannot find one so good not only so, I cannot find one—now Amyas is in disgrace—under whom the others would be willing to serve, and serve heartily; but all would be proud to serve under a British officer. If you refuse, the consequences may be serious—perhaps fatal."

"In that case— Let it be as you wish, then. I can only do my best."

"It is all I ask." And then, addressing the others, she said that, albeit I naturally hesitated somewhat to undertake so great a responsibility, I had decided, at her pressing request, to accept the command, and that if I was loyally supported she felt sure the result would be all they could desire. For her own part, she conferred on me the most ample powers; every measure which I advised must be adopted, every order I gave obeyed.

This speech was received with applause, and rather to my surprise, everybody seemed to be eminently satisfied, whether merely out of complaisance, or because they really shared the queen's confidence, I could not, of course, determine. But, after all, I did possess some qualifications for the post. I had served both in the volunteer artillery and infantry, gone through a course of musketry instruction at Hythe, been brigaded with the regulars, and taken part in several autumn maneuvers and sham fights. I had, moreover, given some attention to strategy and the theory of war, and studied the plans of a good many battles, ancient and modern. All this was, of course, not enough to make me a general, but I had so far the advantage of everybody else in the island; and as the enemies we should have to encounter were only half-naked savages, I hoped that I should be equal to the occasion.

I began the work of organization at once and on the spot. The first necessity was a staff, and I hardly knew one man from another. I decided to appoint the best shark-fighters as my *aids*, and select from among them the superior officers of my army. I knew them to be fearless and resolute, and I thought they would prove apt and intelligent. The result justified my expectations.

The next thing was to ascertain upon how many men I could count, and I gave orders for the archer-guard, and every man in the neighborhood between eighteen and thirty-five, sound in wind, limb, and eyesight, to be mustered in the great square on the following afternoon.

Then I asked whether there were any maps of the island. Two or three were produced, which, though roughly drawn, were sufficient for my purpose. After studying them carefully, I asked Mr. Field (who was the leading member of the administration) to send two fishing-boats, the fastest he could find, to the further end of the island, one by the north, the other by the south coast, to watch the movements of the enemy and make inquiries, under strict orders to return with all speed and report any information which they might be able to obtain.

Swift runners were to be dispatched on a similar errand to Weston's, Swamp Island Creek, Wynter's Hill, and elsewhere; and a series of relays organized, so that messages might be forwarded with the least possible delay, and, as a matter of fact, they were forwarded almost as quickly as they could have been by mail-carts or post-horses.

By the time these dispositions were made it was very late, and as nothing more could be done until morning, we separated for the night.

As I was leaving the hall with Mr. Field, Bolsover, of whom so far I had not taken the least notice, put himself in my way, and said he wanted a word with me.

"Say on," I answered, coldly; for old Tom's recent conduct had not been at all to my liking, and I rather suspected him of having had a hand in the cutting loose of the "Diana."

"I ax your pardon, Mr. Erle," he said, very humbly: "but if you will let me say so, I have done you wrong. I was that disappointed with not getting the treasure—I had thought of scarce anything else all my life—I was that disappointed as I was almost mad, and scarce knew what I was doing. And I blamed you. I thought as you was somehow in fault, and as you could have got the treasure for us if you'd liked. Well, when I was in that humor, Mr. Fane comes to me and says as I had a better claim to the treasure than anybody else, and that he would see me righted. I believed him; but I can see now as he only wanted to make a spoon-handle of me, and may be to do something against you and the queen. But he soon found out as though I might be a fool I wasn't a knave, and he did his dirty work himself, or got somebody else to do it. When the 'Diana,' as was thought, broke away from her moorings and foundered, my eyes was opened, and I knew as I had lost my best friend; but it was not till you came back that I had any idea as Mr. Fane was not as honest as he made out. And now, Mr. Erle, will you forgive me, and let by-gones be by-gones? If you can make any use of me, I am quite willing to serve with you agen these niggers or redskins, or piebalds, or whatever they are. I'm a naval reserve man, and know my gun drill and small-arm drill as well as anybody."

I took old Tom's proffered hand, and assured him that I should be only too glad to let by-gones be by-gones, that his help would be invaluable, and that I should give him an important command.

CHAPTER XXIX.—WYNTER'S HILL.

Never in my life did I work so hard as during the next few days and nights, for I wrought eighteen and twenty hours at a stretch, sleeping as opportunity offered.

When my messengers returned, ten days later, with the news that Swamp Island swarmed with Cariberoes, that a considerable number had disembarked in the neighborhood of Wynter's Hill, and more canoes were in sight, the state of affairs was this:

I had an army of some one thousand five hundred men, all of them in the prime of life, none less than five feet ten inches in height, as keen-sighted as hawks, as active as cats, and, as I believed, as brave as lions, but with nearly everything to learn in the way of discipline. The archer-guard consisted of five hundred men. They were splendid shots, marched fairly together, and could execute a few simple movements. The others were tolerable bowmen, but when I took them in hand utterly unorganized. I divided the one thousand five hundred into three regiments, which I called first, second, and third, each officered by a colonel, a major, and five captains, (all shark-fighters). The subalterns and sergeants were selected, on the recommendation of Oliver Fane (whom I made the chief of my staff), from the first or archer-guard regiment.

I also organized a rifle company of fifty men, under the command of Tom Bolsover.

It was impossible, with the time at my disposal, to attempt anything like regular drill. We could do no more than teach the second and third regiments to march in step, form in line, and a few other elementary movements. Old Tom, however, drilled his fifty men incessantly, and made very fair shots of them. As for arms, we had any number of bows, and though arrows were in rather short supply, our stock was being rapidly replenished. We had swords and cutlasses enough for the entire force; the former nearly all of Spanish make, and very superior weapons. Our only fire-arms were two cases of rifles (fifty) and three or four others, together with half a dozen revolvers, taken out of the "Diana;" the old flint-lock muskets which had belonged to the "Santa Anna" were out of repair, and decidedly less effective than our bows and arrows.

I gave Tom and each of the colonels a revolver apiece, and kept one for myself. Tom and I also carried each a rifle.

My plan of campaign was very simple. I might, as Mr. Field and some of the seniors proposed, have chosen a strong position, and there awaited the Cariberoe attack. But as the Cariberoes might have taken it into their heads to march elsewhere, and I thought it expedient not to let them take the initiative, I decided to attack them as soon as I found them, and wherever I found them. To this end, though I should have been glad of a little more time for preparation, I resolved to take the field at once. Within an hour of receiving positive assurance that the enemy were at Wynter's Hill, I gave orders to march, and my men, being splendid walkers and in good fettle, I reckoned that we should probably reach that place in about three days. We were attended by about five hundred Caribs, who carried our supplies of food and reserve ammunition. I intended also to employ them as scouts, but as they were quite unorganized and poorly armed, I could not reckon them as effectives.

I had not much fear that the Cariberoes would evade me. Whether their purpose was conquest or merely plunder, their ob-

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—Are you going out of town for the holidays?

A NEW ALLIANCE SCHEME.

TO RAISE FARM MORTGAGES WITHOUT THE MIDDLEMAN'S AID.

TOPEKA, KAN., Dec. 15.—The Kansas Alliance Co-operative Mortgage Association, capital stock $1,000,000, with Frank McGrath as the central figure, is the latest Alliance enterprise. The charter was filed this morning with the Secretary of State, and business will be commenced with the new year. The scheme of co-operation, which is to rid the world of the ruinous system of competition, will be applied to the payment of mortgaged indebtedness.

This is the scheme originated by McGrath when he was President of the Alliance, and proposed to the Alliance commerce convention. Its object is to negotiate directly with Eastern capitalists for the necessary amounts for defraying farm-mortgaged indebtedness without the assistance of the middlemen. Mr. McGrath wanted the Alliance as a State organization to take hold of his scheme, and stated in an interview that it was high time the Alliance is building up a credit for itself and giving the lie to the charge that it is an association of calamity howlers. The company will obtain securities by forming a fund of the effects, personal and real, of its members.

The Executive Committee of the Farmer's Alliance has appointed Frank McGrath and four others as delegates to the Reform Convention, called for St. Louis February 22. The object of the convention will be to induce the industrial organizations to join the Alliance. The action of the Executive Council is meeting with a great deal of criticism among some members of the People's party. With but one exception, every delegate is an out-spoken opponent of the sub-treasury scheme.

SHOT BY A CRANK.

MATTOON, ILL., Dec. 15.—[*Special.*]—Judge Horace S. Clark, one of the most prominent Republicans in the State, was shot in the street to-night by Frank W. Hornish. Judge Clark had just returned from Charleston, and was on his way home, when Hornish began firing at him. The Judge made a desperate effort to disarm his assailant, and in the struggle the revolver exploded a half dozen times. One of the bullets tore the left side of the Judge's face, another plowed into the fleshy part of his back, while a third bullet pierced the left shoulder.

An excited mob overpowered Hornish, and hurried him to jail. The Judge may recover, although his wounds are pronounced dangerous. The trouble arose ove a patent in which Hornish is interested. The prisoner has always been considered a mild crank. He has repeatedly threatened the lives of Mayor Kern, Judge Clark and others, but little attention was paid to him.

FOUND A CRYSTAL CAVE.

OROVILLE, Cal., Dec. 15.—A day or so ago a prospector named James Ross, discovered at Table Mountain a beautiful crystal cave. He was walking on the north side of the mountain when the earth gave way beneath him and he fell into an opening several feet deep. Having a prospector's lamp with him he lighted it and partially explored the excavation.

Proceeding down an incline for some distance he found at its end a room some 30 feet square, its walls and roof being completely covered with the most beautiful crystals. Not having sufficient light he did not explore farther and does not know to what extent the cavern extends. This new discovery is near the old cave that has been so long known. It is possible that the entire Table Mountain is a mammoth cave for to one walking on the surface it sounds hollow and empty.

The Allegheny Valley Railroad Sold.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 15—The Allegheny Valley railroad was sold by the United States court today to P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, representing the income bondholders and the Pennsylvania Railroad company, for $3 000,000, the purchaser assuming the debt of $26,000,000 Mr. Widener stated that just as soon as the sale has been confirmed the company will be reorganized. The plan he proposed will be to increase the capital stock from $3,000,000 to $30,000,000, and issue bonds for $20,000,000, to secure the company's indebtedness, virtually making the capitalization $50,000,000. The Pennsylvania will probably utilize the road for a short freight route between New York and Chicago.

Robbers and Thieves.

Are always afraid of a house when there is a gun in it, so if you want to keep this class of people away from you, "Get a Gun" and protect yourself and family, beside having some pleasure in hunting. The best place to get those is at W. S. Brown's 450 and 522 Wood Street Pittsburgh, Pa., who has the largest and most complete stock in Western Penn'a, of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle and all kinds of sporting goods; Scissors, Razors Knives and Table Cutlery, also grinding of all kinds at

W. S. Brown's

450 & 522 Wood St., Pittsburgh Pa.

WANTED—DO YOU WANT TO MAKE $50 dollars per week at home? Mrs Smith th sent six dollars to Alfred Coles for a Box Lounge and allowed him to send people who answer his advertisment to see her Lounge for which he gave a commission which averaged Fifty Dollars per week. If you will do the same in your district, send for terms to Alfred Coles, 446 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn N Y.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.

500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.

CURES: A.A.—Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
B.B.—Strains, Lameness, Rheumatism.
C.C.—Distemper, Nasal Discharges.
D.D.—Bots or Grubs, Worms.
E.E.—Coughs, Heaves, Pneumonia.
F.F.—Colic or Gripes, Bellyache.
G.G.—Miscarriage, Hemorrhages.
H.H.—Urinary and Kidney Diseases.
I.I.—Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.—Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.

Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00

Sold by Druggists; or sent prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE OF PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLES FOR THE CURE OF WEAK MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY TRADE MARK

(VITALLY WEAK). Made so by too close application to business or study; severe mental strain or grief; SEXUAL EXCESSES in middle life, or vicious habits contracted in youth.

WEAK MEN ARE VICTIMS TO NERVOUS DEBILITY or EXHAUSTION, WASTING WEAKNESS, INVOLUNTARY LOSSES with EARLY DECAY in YOUNG and MIDDLE AGED; lack of vim, vigor, and strength, with sexual organs impaired and wakened prematurely in approaching old age.

WHEN WE SAY CURE we speak from knowledge of PERMANENT RESULTS in many thousand cases treated and cured in past twelve years.

Free TRIAL As evidence of our faith in Prof. Harris' SOLUBLE MEDICATED PASTILLES, we offer eight days trial ABSOLUTELY FREE. All men, young or old, suffering from this prevalent trouble should send their address so we can furnish question to be answered, that we may know the true condition of each case ere prepare medicine to effect a prompt cure. Located in New York (after 12 years at St. Louis), we offer all a chance to be cured by the celebrated Pastille Treatment.

THE HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg. Chemists, 99 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

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This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

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538 North Fourth St., below Green PHILADELPHIA, Regular registered Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of the best Colleges. The acknowledged most successful specialist for speedy, safely and permanently curing.

SPECIAL DISEASES, of both sexes, by an entirely new discovery. BLOOD POISON discharges etc., obstinate hard or soft ulcers, skin eruptions, blotches, pimples, swellings, inflammations. Bladder, Kidney, Heart, Lung, Liver, stomach, mouth, throat, bone, early decay, debility, loss of mental and physical strength, melancholy, pains from excesses or youthful errors. Cure is positive and lasting relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days, no experiment but skill and science. Do not be humbugged by deceiving advertisements but call or write and be cured. $15,000 will be paid to any advertising Doctor or Quacks who can show as many hopeless cases cured as I can. Send 2 cents stamp for book "TRUTH" and exura testimonials, exposing quacks and advice to all sufferers and those contemplating marriage. Office Hours—Every Day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., Sundays 6—8, Wednesday & Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9—12. Strictly confidential.

FOR EXPERIENCE see Wed. and Sat. Philadelphia Times.

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$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

DAVITT IS A CANDIDATE.

WILL CONTEST WATERFORD AGAINST JOHN REDMOND.

DUBLIN, Dec. 15.—Mr. Michael Davitt, who has taken the place of Mr. Keane as the McCarthyite candidate for the vacant seat for Waterford in the house of commons, has entered into the campaign with vigor and determination to defeat Mr. John Redmond, the Parnelite candidate, if strong fighting will do it.

Mr. Davitt has recovered from the injury he sustained in Sunday's melee, and to-day he issued an election address. In this he pledges himself, with his colleagues, to endeavor to obtain such a measure of home rule as will satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people and enable their representatives to frame laws ensuring the fullest apportunities for the advancement of the trade and labor interests of Ireland.

Mr. Davitt further says: "We shall continue to be the foe of landlordism, and will try to change the land laws in order to give the best protiction and scope to the agricultural condition of the country. We will cordially co-operate with the representatives in Parliament of the industrial democracy of Ireland and Great Britain, to further all legislature tending to secure to the toiling classes the fullest, protection of their rights and the speedy amelioration of their grievances. We will support any measure curtailing to reasonble limits the hours of daily labor and providing for the better housing of workingmen"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

RECIPROCITY WITH THE WEST INDIES.

WASHINGTON, December 16.—The department of state made the following statement this afternoon: For the past three or four weeks negotiations have been in progress between the department of state and the British legation assisted by commissioners from Jamacia, Barbadoes, British Guiana and other colonies with a view to reciprocity arrangements between the United States and the British West Indies, based upon section 3 of the tariff act. The last of the commissioners, those from Jamacia, left the city to-day, and it is understood that satisfactory arrangements have been agreed upon to embrace Jamacia, Barbadoes, Windward and Leeward Islands, Trinidad and British Guiana. In return for the continued free introduction of sugar and coffee into the United States, it has been agreed by the colonies named not only to greatly enlarge the free list of their tariffs, but also to make very considerable reductions in the duty on the leading agricultural and other products of the United States. It is expected that the official proclamation on the subject will be published before the 1st of January.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

MR. CESSNA'S FATHER DEAD.

Frank Cessna, who lives on East Church street, received a telegram last evening conveying the sad news of the death of his father, J. J. Cessna, which occurred at Bedford, yesterday. Deceased was beyond the seventy mark in years; was quite a prominent citizen of Bedford, and a cousin of John Cessna, ex-Speaker of the House at Harrisburg. Erank Cessna, it will be remembered, has considerable sickness in his family; his wife and two children being ill with pneumonia, he is unable to attend the funeral of his father. Truly trouble comes not singly. Mr. Cessno's brother died about six months ago and the present troubles are almost more than he can bear. Mr. C. is a cigarmaker and works at T. H. Harmon's—Lock Haven *Democrat*.

Mr. Cessna and family will be well remembered by many Bellefonters as this place was his home for many years and he has only recently moved to Lock Haven.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by any other remedy.

Ask your druggist for Swayna's Ointment. s 24-1y

MARRIED.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs John M. Wagner, of Milesburg, on Thursday evening at 7 o'clock Miss Anna W., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wagner, to Mr. James Williams, the efficient bookkeeper in Harris' hardware store. The happy couple departed on the 8.54 train for a brief honneymoon trip to Philadelphia and other eastern cities.

MRS. BURNSIDE'S SUIT.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 15.—J. M. McCarrell, counsel for Mrs. Thomas Burnside of London, England, in a few days expects to enter suit against the trustees of the estate of the late Gen. Simon Cameron to recover a portion of the fund bequeathed to herself, husband and children in the will of the dead statesman. Mrs. Burnside is the wife of Thomas Burnside, a grandson of Gen. Cameron. She and her husband have separated and she asks a reasonable share of the legacy, all of which her husband is now receiving, for the support of herself and children.

My Head Was Fairly Rotten,

And how much I suffered it is hard to describe. That loathesome disease, catarrh, caused the above, and the doctors said they could not relieve me. I paid hundreds of dollars, for which I received no benefit. I got more good from two bottles of Sulphur Bitters than from all the money I paid to doctors. I shall continue the Sulphur Bitters, as I have great faith that they will cure me.—S. M. Day, 41 Hanover St., Boston.

The Coal Trade.

Referring to the condition of the bituminous coal trade yestesday's Philadelphia *Ledger* says: The bituminous coal trade is in excellent shape. The markets continue to absorb all the coal being sent from the mines, and full prices are being obtained by the operators. All the shippers of first-class coal are reported to have their hands full in supplying their contracts already booked, and most of them are now accepting any new orders for shipment this season. There are no spot cargoes of soft coal seeking buyers, and even inferior grades of coal are not in excessive supply. We are informed that the "Atlantic Seaboard Steam Coal Association" will be continued next season under the same articles of agreement made for the regulation of the soft coal trade this season, which, we learn, have worked satisfactorily and proved very advantageous to the trade.

CATARRH IN NEW ENGLAND.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles. G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public. Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfatory results. W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield Mass.

ESPECIALLY THE PRINTER.

There are few persons who would think of stealing the money with which to buy Christmas presents, yet there are many who in reality do this. There is a pleasure in giving which prompts many a man to throw consistency to the dogs. The man who foolishly buys presents with money he owes to others is virtually stealing it. The better way, before making Christmas presents is to find out what you owe and pay it. Settle up the little accounts with the grocer, the butcher, the baker and the printer, and then, with a clean conscience, go ahead and provide for your friends.—*Blizzard*.

CURE YOURSELF.

Don't pay large doctors' bills. The best medical book published, one hundred pages elegant colored plates, will be sent you on receipt of three 2-cent stamps to pay the postage. Address, A. P. Ordway & Co, Boston, Mass.

THE PITTSBURG COMMERCIAL GAZETTE is an oracle of the great Republican party, but rot the organ of any man or set of men.

$20 Favorite Singer Sewing Machine.

HIGH ARM $25.00.

Each Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY FREIGHT.

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A Gentleman's gold watch and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph one year for - $15.00

A Lady's gold watch and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph one year for - - $14.75

The Chronicle Telegraph Improved high arm sewing machine and the paper one year for $22.00

In addition to the above there are a variety of other desirable premiums, including an Open Face gentleman's Gold Watch, which is offered to subscribers with the paper one year for $13.

The gentleman's $15 gold watch, and the ladies' $14.50, have beautiful hunting cases, warranted to wear 15 years, and are filled with the reliable Hampden movement. They cannot be bought at retail for less than from $25 to $35, but are furnished to our subscribers at the manufacturers' prices.

The sewing machine is our premium high-arm machine, and equals any $50 one before the public

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Any of the above will be given free for persons securing us a club of yearly subscribers terms of which will be furnished on application.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

Some little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $500.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. We show you how and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Failure unknown among them. NEW and wonderful. Particulars free.

H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine

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TOBACCO

This standard brand of plug tobacco is acknowledged to be the best chew and the largest piece for the money in the market. *Vinco tin tag on each lump.* Its extensive sale for many years has established its reputation. There is nothing better. Try it. For sale by dealers and grocers.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

SIRS:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, curing every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.

Yours respectfully,
WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:

Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, it was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.

Respectfully,
OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 12, '90.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows *no bunch on the joint.*

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

MONROE, La., May 8, '90.

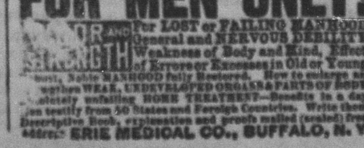
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,

Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a four year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.

I remain yours,
MALNOR DOWNER.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

FOR MEN ONLY!



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will be paid for a recipe enabling us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that the retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. At present the retail price is 20c.

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ACME BLACKING is made of pure alcohol, other liquid dressings are made of water. Water costs nothing. Alcohol is dear. Who can show us how to make it without alcohol so that we can make ACME BLACKING as cheap as water dressing, or put it in fancy packages like many of the water dressings, and then charge for the outside appearance instead of charging for the contents of the bottle?

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PIK-RON

a paint of which a 25c. bottle make six scratched and dulled look like newly finished ma- will do many other remarkable which no other paint can do. All retailers sell it.

To Recover from the Grip

USE

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CRAPE WINES,

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UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE

Used in the principal Churches for Communion

Excellent for females and persons and the aged

ADOPTED IN HOSPITALS AS THE BEST FOR INVALIDS

Speer's Port Grape Wine!

FOUR YEARS OLD.

THIS CELEBRATED WINE is the pure juice of the dead ripe Oporto Grape, raised in Speer's vineyards, and left hanging until they shrink and become partly raisined before gathering. Its invaluable

TONIC AND STRENGTHENING PROPERTIES

are unsurpassed by any other Wines. Being produced under Mr. Speer's personal supervision. It purity and genuineness are guaranteed by the principal Hospitals and Boards of Health who have examined it. The youngest child and the weakest invalids use it to advantage. It is particularly beneficial to the aged and debilitated, and suited to the various ailments that affect the weaker sex.

It is in every respect A WINE TO BE RELIED ON

Speer's Unfermented Grape Juice.

Speer's Socialite Claret

It is held in high estimation for its richness as Dry Table Wine, especially suited for dinner use.

Speer's P. J. Sherry

Is a wine of Superior Character and partakes of the rich qualities of the grape from which it is made.

Speer's P. J. Brandy

IS A PURE distillation of the grape, and stands unrivalled in this Country for medical purposes.

It has a peculiar flavor, simular to that of the grapes from which it is distilled.

See that the signature of "ALFRED SPEER Passaic, N. J.," is over the cork of each bottle.

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D & W o-a-'w

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Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington D. C. my2-dawin

A COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Mr. Landon, ex-cotton-spinner, had good reason to hate the army. His eldest daughter had married a gallant young hussar, who quickly spent her fortune at Newmarket and thereafter vanished from the world's ken, leaving her neither widow nor maid. His eldest son—a great scamp, as the sons of steady business-men often are—entered a dragoon regiment, got into some discreditable row, and tried by court-martial, dismissed the service, and shot himself through the head the next day. His second daughter, Clara, was cruelly jilted by a guardsman, and died at Bournemouth a year subsequently of a broken heart. A second son—at Woolwich—was blown to pieces by a shell which exploded in his hands while he was examining it; and last, but not least, his one remaining child, his ewe lamb, Lily, evinced a remarkable prepossession for the military. The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein was not fonder of soldiers than Lily Landon; but then she only saw them at a distance, never at close quarters. This idiosyncracy was made all the more distressing to Mr. Landon from the circumstance of his residing in a garrison town, which is a seaport as well. He could not prevent Lily seeing soldiers and officers going about their duties, nor could he abolish the regimental band which always made Miss Lily's blue eyes sparkle, and caused her unconsciously to assume something of the audacious demeanor of a vivandiere. All he could do was to engage a distant relative as a duenna; but under a homely exterior this old lady concealed a romantic disposition, with a singular belief in what is now derided as chivalry. The Barsetshire Regiment, alias the Royal Bombardiers, was quartered at Barmouth at this time, and an exceedingly lively mess was one of the distinctions of the regiment, two-thirds of the members being young Irishmen. It was currently reported that these young gentlemen, of good family, but slender means, were the plague of the Adjutant-General's life, so frequent were the complaints and grieviances that arose from their racing, rowing, rat-hunting, and other proclivities, and that the Commander-in-Chief himself had threatened to honor the two worst scapegraces of them all with the distinction of a court-martial. The two in question—the head and front of all this offending—however, took life riotously, and were, indeed, on the high road to Avernus, when the following incidents occurred: They were close allies, these two; so much so that they went by the name of Castor and Pollux in the regiment—nicknames that will do just as well as their real ones, which are those of a noble Irish family. Lieuts. Castor and Pollux, then, were walking down the High street arm in arm, with very large cigars in their mouths and very small bull-terriers at their heels, when Nick, alias Castor, felt an electric thrill, so to say, from the arm of his pal Dick (Pollux), and, from previous experiences, at once concluded that there was a pretty girl around. So there was, and a benign old lady wreathed in smiles also.

"By George! What an exceedingly pretty girl," quoth Nick; and "Looks very solvent," said more practical Dick.

"Let us follow them and find out where they live."

The two ladies, who had evidently been making some trifling purchases in town, had turned their faces in the direction of the suburbs and were now walking along the seashore, the younger with a white, fluffy poodle-dog in her arms. The officers followed them at a respectful distance, but the bull-terriers were in earnest in their endeavors to make the acquaintance of the fluffy poodle. Perhaps this accounted for one of the ladies' knowledge of what was going on behind them.

"Let us ask them to call off their dogs," said Lily; "I am sure they are officers of the Bombadiers."

"Not for the world, not for the world, my dear," replied the duenna; "not that I have any doubt about their gallantry, the chivalrous sense of honor of these brave men who die for their country, and for England, home, and beauty; but think what your papa would say with his singular antipathy to warriors. O, no; never! let us hurry on, or they may perhaps be too assiduous in their devoirs."

They did hurry on to the haven of a pretty bijou cottage in red brick and stone gables, standing among laurels in its own grounds, and a stone's throw only from the sea, into which there jutted a boat pier, with a boat at the end of it. The two ladies disappeared through the green gate, but Castor managed to catch a Parthian glance of a pair of very bright sapphire blue eyes, while Pollux was saluted with a series of barks from the poodle, who now, believing himself at home and safe from terriers, struggled violently in his mistress' arms in the vain pretense of desiring to annihilate them both at once.

"A doosid neat little crib," observed Pollux, staring up at the bow windows. "Just the kind of little box one would like to dawdle away a summer in, if one had £3,000 a year, instead of only a thousand farthings."

"Yes; and with those two eyes to rival the billows," mused Castor, who was sentimental, comparatively speaking.

"I should think now," continued Pollux, "that it would not be unseemly to knock at the door and to inquire if Mr. Smith lives here. That would tell us who the charmer is, at all events."

"Capital! Let us enter forthwith."

But when the two young men knocked and rang the bell they became aware, to their surprise, of a great commotion within. There was a noise of a chain being put across the door, a hurrying of feet, and a clatter of fire-irons, and above all the din the poodle barked furiously.

"Officers!" someone cried in an angry voice. "On no account let them in!"

A window above the porch was now thrown up, and an elderly man, with a very long face and very white whiskers, desired the young men to be gone.

"Does Mr. Smith live here, sir?" inquired Pollux, with his best bow and most courteous manner.

"No, sir; he does not. This is a lunatic asylum, and I am a mad doctor. If you value your liberty you will be gone. No one is allowed to enter here, and especially no—faugh!—soldiers."

"Is the young lady a patient we just saw go in?" asked Castor, surprised.

"Yes, sir; she is. Mad as a hatter. Homicidal mania. Don't you ever attempt to speak to her, or she may cut your throat. Carries a carving-knife in her muff. Here, John, show these—hum—gentlemen out."

The window went down with a bang, and a tall footman, coming round from the rear of the house, politely escorted the officers to the gate.

"I say, John," quoth Pollux, twiddling a sovereign between the fingers of his lavender kids, "who is that old bloke, eh?"

John regarded the gold attentively with one eye. "That's Mr. Landon, hisself. Horful rich, but wulgar. He's made his money in trade, you see, so you must excuge him!"

"And the girl, John; what about the young lady?" asked Castor, excitedly.

"That's our daughter, a namiable but 'aughty young 'ooman. No followers allowed," said John, significantly. "Specially the millintary."

"But why, John—why?"

"Can't say, sir; I'm sure. I only state facks. Now, sir, I must go back. If Mr. Landon was to see me I'd lose my place. Thank you, sir, thank you, very sorry, but must lock the gate," which he did.

And they were locked out on the dusty road forthwith.

As Castor pensively turned homeward he saw something white, like a handkerchief, wave from a top window. His spirits rose with a bound, and, singularly enough, he never mentioned the circumstance to his dear friend Pollux.

Ah! if he had but known that this was only a frisky freak of Miss Vizard, the duenna, into whose head there suddenly came a phantasy of a distressed damsel in a turret, and of two young knights attempting her rescue. The circumstance, however, was enough to fan the spark—the bolt from the blue—in Castor's bosom to a flame, while, as for his friend, he walked on rapt in contemplation of John's allusion to Mr. Landon's wealth and "wulgarity."

Next day—and next day, and the next—the two friends strolled down to Marine Villa, and smoked many cigars on the little pier, but to no purpose. No one came out of the green gate and no one went in; nevertheless they enjoyed a beautiful view of the drawing-room windows.

"It's not satisfying, you know" said Castor, "but it's better than nothing, seeing where she is."

"I tell you what, my dear fellow," said Pollux, "this can't go on nohow. I must have money, for the duns are all down on me in shoals, and my rejected progenitor is in the same fix as myself, since all his tenants down at Castle Pollux refuse to pay him the 'rint.'"

"Hang your filthy lucre! I only want her eyes."

"It strikes me, my child, that you are very far gone. But sitting here smoking won't do us much good in the way of either optics or rupees. The question is, how to get in?"

"I am sure she is kind-hearted," said Castor. "See how she hugged that poodle—lucky dog!"

"Come! That's good," cried Pollux. "Happy thought; let us test it!"

"How?"

"This way, sonny: You tumble into the water; here, off this pier; and I will plunge in and rescue you. Man overboard! Great sensation, you know! Gallant conduct! Carried into the drawing-room by John! Smelling bottles, brandy; put to bed! Bless you, my children, £20,000 down, and £30,000 more at my death! Old man now, and can't live long! Upon my word it's glorious," cried Pollux, enthusiastically.

"Except for one thing,' returned his friend, sarcastically; "that you might drown here and be blessed, for anyone that would see you from the house."

"Now, my dear child, you are the veriest tyro I ever met. As if I have not seen the charmer peeping at us through the lace curtains at the center window this half hour past. Looking at *me*, remember, not *you*, my boy."

"By Jove!" starting up; "you don't say so! Where?"

"There! You've gone and done it now! She's scuttled off like a mouse. That comes of wearing an eye-glass—you can't see."

"I can see that you have arranged this plot very nicely for yourself, my dear Pollux. I am to fall in, and to be the duffer that gets drowned, while you are to be the hero, the brave preserver, and so forth—no, thank you!"

"But think of the pity a corpse excites, and the brandy-and-water, and that blue-eyed charmer putting hot stockings—her own perhaps—full of salt, to your poor feet."

"Ay, my good Pollux, and of your whispering into her ears all the time. No, the sorra a bit of me will be the corpse. You may, if you like."

"Well, as you say yourself, it is better than nothing. I'll be the demd moist, unpleasant body, but it's no use to-day. There's a flutter in the dovecote, and we may just as well go home to lunch"—which they did.

The next day was Sunday, and there was only early church parade. The two young officers strolled down to the cottage by the sea, and having taken up their positions at the end of the pier began to smoke as usual. The bells were ringing for church, and the morning was a fine one in the merry month of May. Presently they saw a solemn procession from the green gate, headed by Mr. Landon, who in figure and features was remarkably like Mr. Hablot Browne's pictures of Mr. Dombey, in the novel of that name. Mr. Landon, Miss Vizard, two maid-servants, a coachman, a page, and John, the footman, with two out-door servants, formed the cortege. They all carried large prayer books, and were in their go-to-meeting raiment. Miss Lily was not there—nor the poodle. Miss Landon had developed quite a fondness for the sea of late, and was never tired of watching its varying moods—so like those of a woman—from her window.

"I say," said Pollux, when the procession had gone past some time; "there she is behind the drawing-room curtain. Fortune favors us, the house is empty; now is the time for our little comedy." So saying he walked to the very edge and looked into the sea. "But look here, chappie! It will never do for you to save me, for you would not have the nous to carry the farce through. Come, no hesitation, in you go;" and suiting the action to the word he sent Mr. Castor with a souse into the water. Miss Landon saw it all from the window, and so did the poodle. The latter barked disapprobation of the whole proceeding; but his mistress trembled with fear and excitement.

"Good gracious!" she said to herself, "are those two handsome young officers quarreling about me, and will there be murder? O, my!—no! See, one of them throws off his coat, and dashes his hat on the ground! He plunges into the boiling waves to save his drowning friend! The waters close over them! Brave man! O, dear; I can't stand this! Cook! Cook! Come here, run, run directly!"

The cook, a fat Irishwoman with a red face and reddish hair, came puffing and blowing to the foot of the stairs.

"O, cook, run quick and save them! Two officers! Drowning there at the pier! O, run, run quick, cook, please."

"Is it sogers they are! Bedad, thin, the divil a fear of them. Sure, an' indeed, I was coorted by a Sergeant meself, and sez he, sez he——"

But Miss Landon could not wait to hear honest Bridget's reminiscences. She sped out of the house and down to the pier, the poodle barking furiously in front and Bridget puffing like a female locomotive in the rear.

They reached the beach just in time to meet the two dripping officers coming out of the water. If Miss Landon had not been so excited she might have thought it singular that the drowned man was riding on the other's back, and that, though his eyes were shut, he seemed to cling vigorously to his friend's neck. But she neither noticed this or anything else in her efforts to emulate Grace Darling on that coast.

"O! I saw you fall into the water, I am so glad," she stammered inconsequently. "How brave it was of you; but will he die?"

Pollux shook his head meaningly—like Lord Bacon in the play.

"It all depends on prompt measures. If we could only put him to bed at once—now."

"O, bring him into the house. My name is Lily—Miss Landon, you know—and I'm sure papa will not be angry when it is a matter of life and death."

"'Deed thin, but he'd be a nagyur if he was anything else," said Bridget.

Chuckling at the success of his experiment, Pollux—who was a young athlete—ran his friend at the double into the cottage, while the two women followed at their best pace behind in much perturbation.

"Ye must put him into the master's own bed," quoth Bridget, who was the only servant left this Sunday in the house, "and give him plenty of rum and brandy. That's what cures the sogers, as Sergt. Heavystirn many and many's the time——"

"Take him up to papa's room. Up the stairs to the right. Can I do anything, sir? O, please tell me!"

"He should have hot stockings full of salt to his legs and feet," said Pollux gravely.

"Would Bridget's do?" she inquired, eagerly. "She wears blue wooleners, very warm and thick——"

"I think," said Pollux, shaking his head, "that Lisle thread, size sixes, would suit his complaint better."

She flushed, for she saw he was regarding her boots. After this, though anxious to be of every assistance, she did not seem to be very much afraid of fatal consequences from the accident.

In the midst of the to-do, while Bridget was cooking rum-and-water and lemons, and frequently tasting the mixture, in the kitchen, and while Castor was carefully tucked into Mr. Landon's bed by his friend, who had enrobed himself in Mr. Landon's dressing-gown and nether garments, the aforesaid procession returned from church. Lily flew down the stairs like a bird, but not quicker than the indignant poodle.

"O, papa, dear! Only think! They were all but drowned, when we saved them; that is, I and cook. O, wasn't it a mercy! The two officers! They are in your bed."

She burst into tears, as girls do under sudden excitement.

"Two officers, and in my bed!" exclaimed her father wrathfully. "What does this mean? Are you mad?"

"Indeed and indeed then she's not," observed Bridget to the astonished group. "And where should the poor crayture be, and he an illigant Irishman's son of Lord Castor, as fine a man as ever stepped, that lived beyant the bog, if not in the best bed? And his friend, that's as good as a wet nurse wid him, and an Irish gentleman, too, as he told me himself when he took the sup of brandy from me own hands. 'Mrs. Bridget,' says he, 'dd yez ever hear of Sir Giles Pollux, of Castle Pollux?' sez he, and 'Begorra, sir,' sez I, 'that I did many and many a time;' and that's me own father,' sez he, and——"

"Will no one stop that infernal woman's tongue!" exclaimed Mr. Landon. "You have been most imprudent Lily. Has not the army cost us enough already, without putting two officers into my very bed?"

"Only one, papa," she said, humbly, and looking down.

"Pish! Well, they shall get out of the house faster than they came in," he cried, and bounded up the stairs.

But even Mr. Landon was silenced by what he saw in his bed-room. The blinds were all drawn, and the room darkened. A young man with a curly head lay in his bed. His eyes were shut and his face pallid. The latter was due, it must be confessed, to an application of violet powder from the toilet table. There were great black marks under his eyes—from a lump of coal in the grate—and Mr. Landon began to think that matters were really worse than he thought. Moreover, he had caught Bridget's reference to the nobility, and Mr. Landon, like many self-made men, dearly loved a Lord.

"Well, sir," he said to Pollux; "Here you are again?"

"Necessity knows no law," retorted Pollux, sententiously. "A glance at my poor dear friend there will show that there was no alternative but to bring him here."

"A son of Lord Castor's?" questioned Mr. Landon, after a pause, during which he eyed the bed attentively.

"Second son. Poor fellow, he is still unconscious."

"You are both in the army," said Mr. Landon, sourly—"a detestable profession, most abominable!"

"That," said Pollux, the rogue "is precisely my own sentiment."

The elder man looked more kindly at him.

"Have you never thought of a better career; the church now——"

"I have always considered the church to be eminently my vocation," replied Pollux unblushingly.

"And he?" pointing to Castor.

"Well, he inclines to the sea," returned Pollux, with just a twinkle in his little black eyes.

"He had better have a doctor," observed Mr. Landon, nodding at the bed.

"Not on any account! He would never forgive me for making so much of his case. He will be all right presently. It is not the first time he has been drowned—or the last."

"I trust not," said the other, walking out of the room.

He was met in the passage by Miss Vizard and Lily.

"I should like to see the youth," said the first.

"So should I," said Lily.

"You may," to Miss Vizard. "As for you, to your room at once, miss, and don't leave it till these young men have gone from the house."

Miss Vizard stole into the room on tiptoe, with her fingers, encased in black mittens, to her mouth.

"Is he dying?" she whispered. "So young and so fair!"

"You may kiss him for his mother," whispered Pollux in return. "But see! He opens his eyes at last. He is coming to." He adjusted the brandy flask to the lips of his friend. "It's a flicker," he added; "perhaps the last one before dissolution."

"How dreadful! Does he say anything? He seems to want to speak!" She bent her head, and the moribund whispered something in her ear.

"If you are sure he is dying," she said to Pollux, "there can be no harm in his request to see Lily for this once, though what he can have to say to her that he cannot say to me, I am sure I don't know."

"Alone!" murmured the dying man, and Pollux, looking angrily at him, had to go out with Miss Vizard to the corridor.

Miss Landon was all for praying by the sick man's bed when she was ushered in with an injunction from the duenna to be quick, lest her papa should come up, but to her amazement the little hand she so tenderly offered him was pressed with very animated vigor to his mustache. She had never felt a mustache before, and it confused her, but not unpleasantly.

"O, tell me, Mr. Castor, that you are not going to die!"

Fluff, the poodle, growled discontentedly under the bed, as if to say, "No such luck for the dogs."

"Not," replied he, "if you give me encouragement to live."

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean, Mr. Castor. Of course we all want you to live. Why not?"

"In the book that you hold there," said this scamp, "it is said that the price of a good woman is above that of rubies. Now, I've no precious stones; but a woman can give away herself free gratis; you know, just as I gave myself away in love at first sight to you."

"You shouldn't talk so. It is very wicked."

"So it is," growled the poodle in assent.

He still held her hand. She did not like to snatch it from a poor dying fellow-creature yet.

"There is something said about the sweetness of the lips, too," he remarked ardently. "I should like to try them—in a dying way only, you know."

This time she did snatch her hands away.

"You wicked man!" she cried; "I don't like you one little bit. Why didn't you stop in the sea?"

Castor watched her hasty exit from the room disconcerted.

Meanwhile Miss Vizard was conversing with Pollux in the corridor.

"Do you read Froissart," she asked, "in the black letter?"

"You see we have so much blackboard now—I mean musketry," he explained—"that we have no leisure."

"Ah! Why don't they have tournaments and queens of beauty now, as of old, in your noble profession?"

"Ah! Why indeed!" murmured that artful scamp, sinking on one knee.

"So, when Lily ran out of the room it was to see Mr. Pollux on his knee and holding her duenna's hand, while he gazed up into that lady's face with a well-affected air of knightly devotion.

"This house is bewitched," she said, running away.

"What must she think of me?" said Miss Vizard, abashed.

"What, indeed!" said Pollux. "Stay!" continued the rogue, with an eye to further entertainment. "Say to Mr. Landon that so long as there is such an irresistible attraction in the house as yourself we cannot, we cannot positively keep away from it."

Now, Miss Vizard was very fat, and, moreover, wore a wig; yet, such is female credulity, she was willing to believe him at once.

"So chivalrous!" she murmured, on her way to Mr. Landon's sanctum down stairs.

"He is a noble young man—so tender!"

"Who?" asked Mr. Landon grimly from his chair.

"Mr. Pollux. You must ask him to dinner."

"I won't! They are after that silly girl of mine."

"He! he! he!" giggled Miss Vizard. "I could tell you a tale, but I must not—not yet. Of one thing be assured, that Lily is not the attraction."

"Perhaps it is Bridget, the cook, then. But of this I am certain, that out they go from this house as soon as that boy in my bed can be moved."

"O, gracious! What's this? Here's a soldier in a red coat at the door," exclaimed Miss Vizard of a sudden.

And a soldier it was—an orderly in pursuit of the young men. Miss Vizard almost fainted when she heard that the Royal Bombadiers were ordered on service to South Africa immediately, and that the Colonel had been sending messengers in search of them all the morning. The effect on the drowned was remarkable. He jumped out of bed and clothed himself in a moment—so did his friend.

Miss Lily wept silently.

"As I'll never, probably, see you again, I'll say good-bye," said Mr. Landon, quietly.

Miss Vizard regarded Pollux with inexpressible tenderness.

"It is like going to the crusades," she murmured.

As for poor Lily, she could only return the squeeze of her lover's hand—no more.

* * * * * * * * *

At Majuba Hill there are two graves side by side, in which Pollux and Castor, undivided in death, sleep well. I wonder if Lady Longworth ever thinks of them in the whirl of London society? She is a great lady now, and her eyes are as much admired as her diamonds.—*The Graphic.*

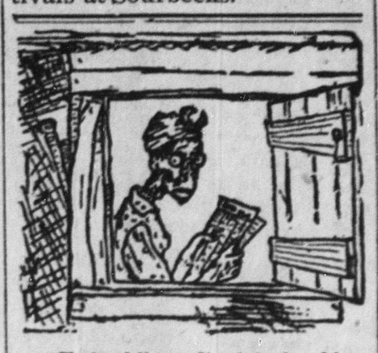
Bachelors.

A man may be a bachelor, and his house—nice and well-ordered as it is—is bare and unsympathetic from the lack of that undefinable something which the presence of a woman always gives. It wears an aspect of prim neatness under the hands of his excellent housekeeper, Mrs. Hardman, which I would gladly see give place to a certain amount of wifely disorder. There is an air of chill though disciplined neglect over every part of it save over the one room which serves for refectory, library, smoking-room and all; for Livelong found it impossible, when setting up as a householder, to shake off the old lodging-house habit and march formally from his dinner to another room, to take a spell of ease over his pipe and newspaper. The arm-chairs in the chimney corners are comfortable and roomy; there are books and pipes and tobacco close at hand; and last, but by no means least, there is a hearty welcome for me whenever I may look in for an evening chat.

Though my friend's life is assuredly not an unhappy one, it is not so unduly full of content, I am certain, as to restrain him from castle-building and chicken-counting whenever he gets half an hour's rest with his pipe and his slippers and his old coat. He is not the man to wear his heart upon his sleeve; but with very little trouble he succeeded in getting at the drift of his inspiration, and in what direction, think you, is the idea of his life to be found? In a stately house in Harley street, with the waiting-room crammed every morning with double-fee patients; with a writing-table strewed with notes of invitation bidding him to the tables of the great, which he answers promptly in the affirmative, except when he may be busy with that paper which the College of Physicians is languishing to hear.—*All the Year Round.*

Miss Hulda Lundin, the inspectress of needlework in the Stockton (Cal.) primary schools, has carried out a rule by which the boys in the two lower classes share the girl's teaching in needlework, so that they can hereafter make small repairs for themselves.

All candies sold at manufacturers prices to church festivals at Sourbecks.



"Sho's y' live—d' co'plexion kims aftah d' blood—what's dis he—a—beau'ful *co'plexion guar'nteed* if d' blood am pure! Befo' d' Lo'd dat am salvation fo' Aunt Sophy."

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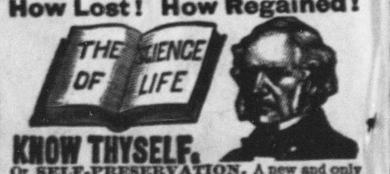


KNOW THYSELF.

Or SELF-PRESERVATION. A new and only Gold Medal PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY, ERRORS of YOUTH, EXHAUSTED VITALITY, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all DISEASES and WEAKNESSES of MAN. 300 pages, cloth, gilt; 125 invaluable prescriptions. Only $1.00 by mail, double sealed. Descriptive Prospectus with endorsements of the Press and voluntary testimonials of the cured. FREE! SEND NOW.

Consultation in person or by mail. Expert treatment. INVIOLABLE SECRECY and CERTAIN CURE. Address Dr. W. H. Parker, or The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equal.—*Herald.*

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a treasure more valuable than gold. Read it now, every WEAK and NERVOUS man, and learn to be STRONG.—*Medical Review.* (Copyrighted.

AGENTS WANTED.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellow's Mutal Life Insurance Society, of Pennsylvania, (chartered by the Legislation in 1873) is desirous of securing responsible energetic agents, male and female, to represent the society in every city, town and district in the state. And to the right person, liberal terms and permanent employment will be given. No previous experience required.

The society insures the lives of male and female from 15 to 65, and in sums of $100 to $5,000 five thousand being the maximum amount written on any one person.

For further information address

ELIAS P. ROHRBACH,
GENERAL MANAGER, Lewisburgh, Pa.
n-20-3-m.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

AN EXCEPTIONAL YEAR.

THE year 1891 has been marked by a greater advance than any similar period since the Magazine was established. Not only has the literary and artistic excellence been maintained and increased, but a corresponding gain has been made in the sale and influence of the Magazine. At the end of 1891 the circulation has risen to more than 140,000. It may justly be promised that the further improvements for the coming year will be proportionate to these largely increased opportunities.

FOR NEXT YEAR.

It is not possible to give, in a brief space, an account of all the features in preparation, but the material is deficient in neither importance nor range of subject. Among the subjects treated:

THE POOR IN THE WORLD'S GREAT CITIES.

It is proposed to publish a series of articles, upon a scale not before attempted, giving the results of special study and among the poor of the great cities. The plan will include an account of the conditions of life in those cities (in many lands) where the results of research will be helpful for puposes of comparison as well as for their own intrinsic interest. While, from a scientific point of view, the articles will be a contribution of great importance, the treatment will be thoroughly popular, and the elaborate illustrations will serve to make the presentation of the subject vivid as well as picturesque.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Unpublished Reminiscences and Letters of this foremost among early American painters. A number of illustrations will lend additional interest to the articles.

IMPORTANT MOMENTS.

The aim of this series of very short articles is to describe the signal occasions when some decisive event took place, or when some great experiment was first shown to be successful—such moments as that of the first use of the Atlantic cable, the first use of the telegraph and telephone, the first successful experiment with ether, the night of the Chicago fire, the scene at the moment of the vote on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, etc., etc.

OUT OF DOOR PAPERS.

In the early spring will be begun a number of seasonable articles, among them being: SMALL COUNTRY PLACES, how to lay out and beautify them, by SAMUEL PARSONS, JR. FISHING LORE FROM AN ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK, by DR. LEROY M. YALE. MOUNTAIN STATION LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND, by SIDNEY DICKENSON, with illustrations by BIRGE HARRISON. The illustrations are made from original material.

A full prospectus appears in the Holiday Number, now ready.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. $3.00 A YEAR.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Pub.
743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be CURED

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Nauright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

DR. SANDEN'S

ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS—BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.

Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men. FREE WITHALL BELTS. Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Nothing On Earth Will

MAKE HENS LAY.

LIKE

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 23 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Recommended as the Best. IX

LE MARS, PLYMOUTH CO., IA., May, 1889.

I suffered from temporary sleeplessness from overwork for two years, for which I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and can recommend same as the best medicine for similar troubles.

F. BORNHORST.

Extract From a Letter

of the Rev. J. McGowan, Cadyville, New York: "I recommend you to send for six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and let her use it as directed. It cured several in my parish."

EAST GLENVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1890.

I used one bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for dizziness and nervous headache, and it did all you claim for it and even more. I had been suffering for years. MRS. P. HANCE.

FREE Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75, 6 Bottles for $9.

MARLIN SAFETY

REPEATING RIFLES FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

MADE BY THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

TO WEAKMEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid Medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

TYRONE'S BANK FAILURE.

There were no new developments yesterday in regard to the closing of the Tyrone bank. There was a little more excitement in relation to the affair owing to the fact that country depositors, of whom there are a good many, had just commenced finding out their money was in apparent danger, and this fact took them to the town to either sympathize with each other or to consult counsel as to what they should do. The appearance of things now looks gloomier than before, as the liabilities are acumulating and the acutal deposits now amount to much more than people first supposed. Some of the former stockholders who were at first supposed to be caught in the crash are now giving it out that they have not been stockholders for years and that their connection with the bank ceased long ago. In fact there seems to be but two stockholders, Cashier Guyer and A. B. Hoover, but for all that people should not lose their heads, but quietly wait until Mr. Guyer makes his statement, which will be in a day or two at most. Getting excited will do no good, produce no beneficial results and in the inevitable will have to be faced, be it favorable or unfavorable.

WAS IT CANCER?

In the summer of 1890, something began to appear on my face, similar to a cancer. I tried various remedies, but nothing gave relief until I used S. S. S., which entirely cured me. I used only six bottles.—W. F. STEARNS, Alexander City, Ala.

We have had a number of remarkable cures reported to us of epitheliona or skin cancer. S. S. S. seems to cure by forcing out the poison and the poisonous germs, the general health is in the meantime improved, and finally the sore heals, the scales drop off, and the patient is well. S. S. S. is entirely vegetable and harmless. Our treatise on the blood and skin will be mailed free to all who will apply for it. Address, THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO, Atlanta, Ga.

DEATH OF JOSEPH HARTSWICK.

At Stormstown, this county, on the 19th inst., occurred the death of Joseph Hartswick, aged 71 years and 9 months. Mr. Hartswick had been since boyhood an invalid, having something like falling fits, during the first stage of his illness, which finally ended in complete prostration. For the last seven years he had not been able to even feed himself or move in bed. Judge Hartswick and wife, his father and mother departed this life several years ago, since which time he has been the constant care of his sisters, Misses Hannah and Henrietta and never did sisters more faithfully fulfill a sacred trust left them by departed parents. For at least seven years he has been their constant care night and day, and during this time his sisters have not had a single nights unbroken rest. The sisters have our sympathy in this their hour of bereavement which is none the less because long expected. Surely in that world where all will be right these sisters who have devoted their lives to the care of their brother will receive the reward of the faithful.

The prettiest sight in the world is a pretty woman's feet in Jersey Lily boots, and since Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures all sorts of colds and costs but 25 cents, all women can wear them.

The earth moves.—Evidence, you can buy a first-class liniment, Salvation Oil, for 25 cents

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

In all sections of the country business is improving. The general business condition and the outlook for the future give promise of an era of unexampled prosperity. A comparison with the situation a year ago, when everything was depressed, shows what advancement has been made. A year ago it was almost impossible to get money at any price, while now it is plentiful and can be had at very low rates of interest. Commercial paper was not acceptable a year ago and now there is very little of it on the market, and what is presented for discount is freely accepted. The financial situation is excellent.

Wheat is still going to Europe as fast as it can be shipped, between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 bushels a week now being exported, and gold is still coming our way, though not as fast as it went away from us a year ago. The railroads are earning big money, and, in fact, this is generally a prosperous day for this country!

A Great Play.

Who that had read of the tortures of the inquisition, or the Massacre of Saint Bartholemew, but will want to see "The Witch" when it comes to the opera house Dec. 24 It portrays accurately the storm of the Salem Witchcraft into which has been woven the tender romance of the love, suffering and heroism of a pure, young girl. Not for years has there been a more artistic treatment of a theme. No one should miss seeing "The Witch."

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled or in the Postoffice Dec. 21, 1891.

Mary Ashman, Mrs. Annie Carew, J. E. Charles, Bella Garberic, Mrs. Annie Miller, Joseph L. Thiel, George F. Wister.

When called for please say advertised

J. A. FIEDLER P. M.

—County Superintendent D. O. Etters, seems to be going on the basis of running the teacher's institute single handed; Greater men than he have failed in similar attempts.

HELPLESS.

Chicago, Ill.

I was confined to bed; could not walk from lame back; suffered 5 months; doctors did not help; 2 bottles of

ST. JACOBS OIL

cured me. No return in 5 years. FRANCIS MAURER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

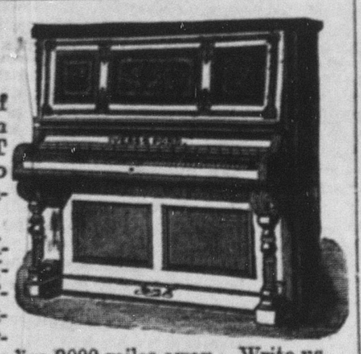
"Our physicians in the children's Department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

PIANOS



Catalogue showing pictures of our Pianos and telling about them MAILED FREE. Our patent SOFT STOP saves wear, making the Piano more durable, and stopping the annoying noise of practising.

We take OLD PIANOS in EXCHANGE, sell on EASY PAYMENTS, and send Pianos ON APPROVAL to be returned at our expense for railway freights if not perfectly satisfactory, even though you live 3000 miles away. Write us.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont St. Boston.

COMPLEXION PRESERVED

DR. HEBRA'S

VIOLA CREAM

Removes all Freckles, Pimples, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, thereby producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. For sale at druggists or mailed for 50c. Send for circular.

G. C. BITNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.,) at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. jan-1y.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of business rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, ME.

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a **golden** opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, **H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.**

MYSTIC CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA. CURES IN A DAY

A New and Wonderful Discovery

which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.

Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.

Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.

Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM

USE HEISKELL'S OINTMENT

It has proved infallible in every case, from simple Pimples to obstinate Eczema; also Itching Piles. 50 CTS. per box.

Send for "Hints for Kitchen and Sick Room," a handy book for the household. FREE.

Gets Her Share at Last.

From the Johnstown Tribune.

Gen. A. Porter Wilson was a wealthy Huntingdon batchelor. He died in 1871, intestate, leaving an estate valued at $125,000. His heirs were A. Porter Wilson and Wm. A. P. Wilson brothers, and their sister, Annie D. Wilson. The estate consisted, of coal-mines, farms, timber lands, and houses in Huntingdon, Blair and Bedford counties and business buildings in Huntingdon. The young men undertook to manage the estate. They didn't succeed They planted seed that produced a large and luxuriant crep of mortgages, while they disposed of real estate in all directions Seeing that her brothers' mismanagement promised to ruin the estate, Miss Wilson, in 1882, insisted that her interest should be cared for.

The sister brought suit in the Bedford county court, and after a contest lasting nine years, there being repeated trials, she last week received a verdict for $26,000. Every effort was made by the brothers to keep her out of the money, but justice has at last prevailed.

Force THEM OUT—Scientists tell us now that he best and safest way to cure diseases of the blood and skin is to force out through the skin the microbes or germs which produce disease. In this matter, Swift's Specific has been about sixty years in advance of medical science, as it has for that length of time been curing blood and skin diseases, by eliminating the germs and poison through the pores of the skin. S. S. S. does this effectually, safely and quickly. It is entirely a vegetable, compound, and harmless to the most delicate child.

Mr. W. C Curtis, editor of the Mecklenburg News, at Boydton, Va., says that he has been entirely relieved from an abcess which formed in his throat, and caused intense pain, almost choking him. He could not swallow solid food, and was in a most painful condition. He says that he took only three bottles and that it effected a complete cure.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO, Atlanta, Ga.

NOT LUCK, BUT WORK.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a shipyard, twenty young men in a town, all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so, says an old merchant.

One of the clerks will become partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch, but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The rule is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this dusty old highway, but the staunch men all go this road.

Praise to the Witch.

An Exchange asks: "Is there a more charming creation on the stage to-day than "The Witch" which Marie Hubert Frohman so exquisitely portrays? The play combines romanticism, pathos and humor in a remarkable degree. It is the very abstract and brief chronicle of Colonial times, and her characters look as if they stepped out of old portraits." The Witch, with Marie Hurbert Frohman as the Star, will be given at the opera House Thursday Dec. 24

—Tickets for "The Witch" are going fast but not near fast enough. By Thursday evening there should not be one vacant seat in the opera house. Bellefonters are all the time crying "give us something good." and then when something good comes along they are greeted with a slim house. Now don't let this be the case on Thursday evening. Marie Hubert Frohman comes to Bellefonte fresh from New York success and is today pronounced one of the best dramatist's on the stage.

Easy expectoration, increased power of the lungs and the enjoyment of rest, are the rewards, upon taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, to all consumptives.

Cuts, burns and all other wounds: can be cured in a short time by the use of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. Price 25 cents.

—Monday eveniug was the regular meeting evening for the borough council, but something must have carried the janitor off for when seven o'clock came there was neither fire nor janitor. However, it did not much matter, as there was no business of any importance to transact and not even a quorum to transact that. So after convening and passing the bills the August assemblage concluded by adjourning.

—The long distance telephone poles have been distributed on Water street and along the pike between Bellefonte and Milesburg and it won't be many days now until the poles will be erected and the wires strung. The wire used is a copper one and when it is strung up and one looks at it in the sunlight it looks almost like a ship's cable.

Boys, if you want a pair of fine nickle-plated American club skates free address the PITTSBURG COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

A FINE PIECE OF

CHEWING TOBACCO

IS INDEED A LUXURY

FINZER'S Old Honesty

Standard Brand

AMONG DEALERS THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE, 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT IN POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

MAGEE'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER IN COMBINATION WITH Extract of Malt, and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, (Lime and Soda,) A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA AND GENERAL DEBILITY. *Very easy to take. Does not produce Nausea, and is easily assimilated. Thousands of Physicians are prescribing it in their regular practice and many assert that it is* THE BEST EMULSION IN THE MARKET. Ask your Druggist for it and TAKE NO OTHER. MAGEE EMULSION CO., Manf'rs, LAWRENCE, MASS. TORONTO, CANADA.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

TALMAGE'S NEW BOOK 400 Wonderful Pictures. Sales Immense. Agents Wanted. Exclusive Territory. Big pay. 30 Day's Credit. No Capital Needed. Also send 9 Agents' Addresses and receive FREE TO YOU, Talmage's favorite Picture of Christ, in Oil Colors. Address, HISTORICAL PUB. CO, Phila, Pa.

DR. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP. NEVER FAILS SOLD BY DRUGGIST

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

ANGLO-MANIACS IN LONDON.

The Queer Things They Do and the Queer Treatment They Get.

One of the glaring anomalies observable in the action of wealthy Americans who come to London in these days is that they almost invariably stay at the old-fashioned hotels conducted upon the English plan. And not only do they select those which are merely different in their style of general management from American hotels, but eagerly seek admittance to those whose ways and customs would have been antiquated in the reign of Queen Anne and are renowned for their observance of all those petty rules which make the lives of the English upper classes ridiculous in the eyes of the rest of the world, but without which there are some people who fervently believe the nation would not be safe nor the crown secure.

Why Americans should do this is past comprehension, unless it be the result of that blind infatuation for everything English which is the controlling principle of the Anglo-maniac's existence. It can not be because they like it—really like it. If it be done for the gratification of curiosity, purely and only, we might be able to understand it. If American ladies and gentlemen of large and unlimited means want to see what a characteristic English hotel is like, and go to it so to see, it is one thing. But if they go because English people go to it, and that, therefore, it must be "the correct thing to do, don't you know," it is quite another. I am afraid the latter motive controls the whole business. All I can say is it is pitiful and enough to bring a blush of shame to the faces of real Americans. It is not as if there were no hotels in London conducted on the American plan, and, as in the days when George Wilkes wrote "Europe in a Hurry," there were nothing but dark and dingy little English hotels to go to. But there are dozens of hotels such as are the rule in America, and under the roofs of which you would be justified in supposing an American lady or gentleman would feel thoroughly at home. At any one of the modern hotels any American, with an American love of comfort, might be contented. There they can have hot and cold water, b- h rooms, a bar room, a billiard room, an elevator and a table d' hote. Everything (with perhaps a slight English tinge) which they are accustomed to in America they can have at these hotels. Yet Americans seem to prefer the opposite. Instead of going to the sort of hotels they have been used to all their lives, and their fathers before them—the sort of hotels which even some open-minded English people are generous enough to admit are the best hotels in the world—they turn their backs upon them and rush to Long's, Claridge's and Morley's, where they are no more really at home than a bird would be in a cage.

As a rule the better classes in England do not stay at hotels in London. Some do, of course, but the majority have town residences of their own, and when in London during the season they live in them. But sometimes, when obliged to be in town when the season is over, they may go for a night or two to a hotel—and to hotels such as Long's and Claridge's. But they go to hotels of this kind simply because they prefer them, and they prefer them because they have always been accustomed to them. They would sooner walk upstairs than be carried up by a "lift;" they would rather have their bath in a portable tub by their bedside than in the most elaborately appointed bath room; they would sooner shave themselves than go down to the hotel barber shop, and are decidedly happier with a small can of hot water, brought up by the chambermaid, than they would be if drawing it themselves from a silver-plated tap. The very things they do not like in a hotel, Americans do (or ought to); the very things they do like, Americans do not (or ought not to). Yet is all reversed directly Americans come to London.

Another thing: It costs a lot more money to stay at Long's or Claridge's than at the American hotels—or rather those English hotels which are kept on the American plan. Besides which all and every of the great swells of high life, whenever they may be compelled to go to the London hotel, always go to Long's or Claridge's, or one of the other leading West End "family" hotels. In which case their arrivals and departures are carefully chronicled and published in the "Fashionable Intelligence" column of the Morning Post. The American-plan hotels do not soar to this height. The great puzzle to Englishmen in this respect is why Americans want to show off in England. They can understand their liking to live well and have nice things, and to live in good houses as they themselves do; but what they do not comprehend is why they do not prefer America to swagger in English "swagger," in its truest sense and meaning, is indulged only in England. I allude, of course, to the best people. They swagger at home because it is perfectly legitimate that they should. It is their right and privilege and habit to do swagger things and to be thought very swagger by people beneath them. It is the snobs who swagger when they go abroad on the astonish-the-natives principle. They can not swagger at home and so they go abroad. On the other hand, the really swagger people in England are quiet, unobtrusive and simple when they travel or go to stay anywhere out of England. If you see a man traveling with a dozen servants, showing up at every station and a great row and noise wherever he makes his appearance, be sure he is a retired tailor or butter-maker. The dukes and earls go about like other people. They keep their swagger for their own country and do not assert themselves abroad. Therefore, they can not imagine why Americans who have a standing at home are not content with it. I suppose you might talk and write till doomsday, but you could not hope to impress these American swaggerers abroad with the utter "bad form," in English eyes, of the things they do. Of course, they have a right to do what they like—if they can pay for it. But because a man is able to pay for a thing is not a justification for his doing it or having it.

I once met a great, big, burly, overbearing man crossing over from Boulogne to Folkestone. I will not say what nationality his was, but will remark that he made himself both detestable and ridiculous to the other passengers by his self-asserting manners. When we got the train for London he was occupying a first-class compartment all to himself, and it so happened that the train was so crowded that several ladies were forced to wait for the next one. Still this creature peered out of his window, and, in reply to some of the plain-spoken comments which filled the air, remarked complacently: "Well, I can pay for it, can't I?"

Whenever I have since heard people justified for what they do, by being told that they can pay for it, I always think of this man. O, no, it is'nt a matter of ability, but good taste. And that money will not carry it off has been shown in the baccarat case, where the Wilsons got such a scoring from the solicitor general.—London Letter in San Francisco Argonaut.

LONDON'S FISH MARKET.

Billingsgate and Some of Its Queer Language.

The word "Billingsgate" has, strangely enough, been transferred from the place itself to the language spoken there. For Webster says: "The word is from a market of this name in London, celebrated for fish and foul language." A visit to this renowned fish market in these days will perhaps give one a better idea of the place than Webster's explanation.

There is considerable slang and good-natured chaffing among the buyers and sellers, but one is not overwhelmed by that torrent of foul language he has been taught to expect from his associations with the word. The best time to visit the market is on Friday morning. The wooden, barn-looking square, where the fish is sold, is crowded soon after 6 o'clock with shiny cord-jackets and greasy caps.

Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes, and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until he has been to a fish sale. Over the hum of voices are heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with the white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on the tables, roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, hardware and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition.

"Ha-a-andsome cod! best in the market! All alive! alive! alive O!" "Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?" "Here you are, governor, splendid whiting! Some of the right sort!" "Turbot! turbot! All alive! Turbot!" "Glass o' nice peppermint, this cold morning! a ha'penny a glass!"

"Here you are at your own price! Fine soles O!" "Oy! Oy! Oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! all large and no small!" "Hullo! hullo! here! beautiful lobsters! good and cheap! fine crabs, all alive O!" "Five brill and one turbot! have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em, governor! you won't see a better sample in the market!" "Here, this way for splendid skate! skate O! skate O!"

"Had-had-had-haddick! all fresh and good!" "Currant and meat puddings! a ha'penny each!" "Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! now's your time for fine fat mussels!" "Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back, but I sell food for the mind!" shouts the news-vender.

"Here's smelt O! Here ye are, fine Finney Haddick!" "Hot soup! nice peas-soup! a-all hot! hot!" "Ahoy! ahoy, here! live place! all alive O!" "Now or never! whelk! whelk! whelk! Who'll buy brill O! brill O!" "Eels O! eels O! Alive!, alive O!" "Fine Flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this prime lot of flounders?"

"Shrimps! shrimps, fine shrimps! Wink! wink! wink!" "Hi! hi! here you are, just eight eels left—just eight!" "O, ho! O, ho! this way! this way! this way! Fish alive! alive! alive, O!"

This is a fair sample of what may be heard at Billingsgate of a fine Friday morning. But no ingenuity of printing can give any adequate conception of the peculiar intonation of the London fishmonger. That must be heard in order to be appreciated.—Pen and Pencil.

COLLECTING JEWELS.

A Fad for Which Some Women Develop a Perfect Craze.

The expense of collecting precious stones is great, and yet fashionable women have developed a passion for this sort of thing, and are said to make heroic sacrifices in order to gratify the new whim. Their fancy for torquoises has fairly doubled the former market value of those pretty blue stones, while no diminution in the price of pearls and brilliants is possible until the present craze is abated. Not infrequently the idea is to possess diamonds of a particular tone, to the exclusion of all other colors—blue, rose, straw or pure white—and when that is the case the jewel box is emptied of every treasure to gratify this taste. One woman of most luxurious habits, whose heart has been ensnared by the rare beauty of yellow pearls, not only "put by her maid," as the English say, but denied herself tailor suits and imported bonnets for two seasons for the sake of these favorite gems. A string of perfect pearls is the desire of most women's hearts, and the prettiest gift a godmother can bestow is a nucleus of such a necklet for her baptismal daughter. It is easy to add a jewel for every birthday and Christmas, so when lady baby is grown no one is the worse off for the spherical bijoux encircling her throat.—Illustrated American.

He Could Judge for Himself.

Summer Boarder—Who is the best doctor in the village?

Native—There is only one—Dr. Kalamus.

"Is he a good physician?"

"There are only half as many sick people here as when he came two years ago."

"All cured?"

"No; dead."—Jury.

TURKISH FOLK-LORE.

Curious Superstitions Held in Veneration By the Turkish People.

Wherever there are human beings, it matters not of what nationality, there will always be found legends, sayings, customs, signs and tokens, more or less absurd, which have been handed down from generation to generation, and in which the ignorant implicitly believe. The following have been selected from a great number held in veneration in Turkey:

The Vulture and the Stork—the good God said one day to a vulture and a stork:

"Ask me whatever you wish and it shall be granted you."

"Let us reflect," said the two birds.

"The vulture and the stork took counsel together and decided to ask that they might live for a thousand years. Then they returned to the Lord.

"I wish to live a thousand years," said the vulture.

"And I for one year," said the stork by mistake.

God granted these demands, and that is the reason the vulture lives a thousand years and the stork one year.

The New Moon—When one sees for the first time the new moon he must take a piece of money, look at it for a moment, raise it toward the moon and put it again into his purse. By this means your purse will always be full of money.

Vampires—If a cat enters the chamber where a man lies dying and passes over his body the man after death will become a vampire.

Bread—When one finds a piece of bread which has fallen upon the ground he must pick it up, kiss it and put it in a hole. To tread upon a piece of bread is a terrible sin.

The Dog, Cat, Mouse and Grocer—A dog having found a written letter placed it in the care of a cat. The cat hid the letter in a hole. The mouse stole the letter and hid it in a bag. The grocer found the letter and used it to wrap up a piece of cheese. The dog demanded the letter of the cat. The cat said the mouse had stolen it. The cat requested the mouse to give it back. The mouse said the grocer had taken it to his shop and used it in making up a parcel of cheese. That is the reason the dog pursues the cat for the purpose of reclaiming the letter, the cat runs after the mouse to demand the letter, and the mouse introduces himself into the bags of the grocer for the purpose of finding it.

The King of the Serpents.—Chah-Miran is the name of the king of the serpents. When anybody sees a serpent he should say: "In the name of Chah-Miran go far away and hide thyself." The serpent will disappear immediately. Chah-Miran is dead, but the serpents do not know it. Otherwise they would devour the whole human species. The fear of this great king is the only thing which prevents them from destroying all mankind.—Boston Herald.

THE WEDDING RING.

An Instance of the Helpfulness of Home Encouragement.

A beautiful and suggestive romance of home has for its heroine the wife of Avisseau, the potter of Tours. The secret of enameling gold had perished with the great Palissy. But Avisseau determined to rediscover it. Such were his eagerness and resolution, that he went on experimenting until he had spent his whole substance; and the object of his close quest still eluded him. One day as Avisseau sat in his bare hovel, plunged perhaps in despair, his wife noticed a sudden change. His manner became agitated; his frame quivered. It was an idea that shook him. The poor potter, so often baffled, was almost sure that he had mentally hit on a combination that would succeed. But gloom was soon back upon his brow. Like the ancient alchemists, he needed gold to cast into his crucible. He had neither money nor goods. Avisseau's wife divined the need. She drew her wedding-ring from her finger. "It is our own; take the gold and melt it down," she said. Surely in a new humbleness of hope Avisseau worked again at his problem. His guess had this time gone to the mark; the brave sacrifice had won its recompense. A supreme love had found the opportunity to serve and save. Occasion came when most likely unexpected; and it is often so. The crisis may be a very small one, but if wife, or sister, or dear home friend of either sex has the gift of insight and the will to forget self for a little space, well will it be for all who make up the family circle. Moreover, many a spring of Christian and philanthropic work has possessed the power of leaping into beneficent life before men because of the systematic use of home opportunities of help and encouragement.—Interior.

Preferred Weekly Payments.

Mr. Skinflint (manufacturer)—Well, what's the matter now?

Workingman (spokesman of delegation)—We want to be paid every week instead of every month.

"Hugh! You get all that's due you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And promptly, to a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you want to be paid weekly instead of monthly?"

"Please, sir, it's so we won't be gettin' the lumbago carryin' home our wages."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Gone—an Umbrella.—Johnson—"Confound that Tomson!" Mrs. J.—"What's the matter?" Johnson—"He has just gone and taken one of my umbrellas. It is nothing short of a crime to take an umbrella, and it is a piece of carelessness and thoughtlessness that is condoned too often. It—hello, what's this?" Mrs. J.—"What is it, John?" Johnson (gleefully)—"Tomson took one of my umbrellas but left another, a better one. Here, run and hide it. He may discover his mistake and be back any minute."

—"It's unaccountable," he said, as he stood on the scales, after a walk on the beach. "I've gained five pounds in one hour." "Have you emptied the sand out of your shoes?" she asked.—Harper's Bazar.

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From Rev James M Potts, D D, editor of the Michigan *Christian Advocate*, Detroit Michigan: To say that we are delighted with the piano, does not express the fact. We are jubilant. If all your instruments are as fine in appearrnce and as pleasing in tone as this one, your patrons will rise by the hundred.

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HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Oatmeal Griddle Cakes.—Two cupfuls of oatmeal, one cupful of wheat flour, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into the flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, cold water enough to make a batter as thick as buckwheat cakes.—Housekeeper.

—Jumbles are made with three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of butter, one egg and five cupfuls of flour with any flavoring preferred. Roll the paste thin, sprinkle it with sugar, cut in round cakes, and cut a small piece from the center of each. Bake in a quick oven.—N. Y. World.

—Toast For Garnishing.—For poached eggs, cut the bread into rounds with a large cake-cutter before toasting. For small birds or asparagus, remove the crusts and cut into oblong pieces. For minces and fricasees, cut into small squares or diamonds. For a border, cut, after toasting, into one and one-half inch squares, and then into halves diagonally, making triangles or cut into long-pointed triangles.—Boston Budget.

—To make pie crust flaky spread the crust when rolled out for the top of the pie with a thin layer of butter. Dredge with flour, and cover the pie with the crust as usual. When ready for the oven tip the pie slanting, holding it in the left hand, and pour over the pie a glass of cold water to rinse of the flour. Enough of the latter will stick to the butter to fry into the crust while baking to make it flaky. This is well worth a trial.—N. Y. Tribune.

—To Fry Trout.—Having cleaned the fish and cut off the fins, dredge them with flour. Have ready some beaten yolks of eggs and in a separate dish some grated bread crumbs. Dip each fish into the eggs and then strew them with bread crumbs. Put some butter or fresh drippings into a frying-pan and hold it over the fire till it is boiling hot; then, (having skimmed it) put in the fish and fry them. Prepare some melted butter with a spoonful of mushroom catsup stirred into it. Send it to the table hot to eat with the fish. Flounders may be cooked in the same manner.—Home.

—Potatoes With Parmessan Cheese.—Put two small tablespoonfuls of white gravy into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of Parmessan cheese, the juice of half a lemon, a seasoning of pepper, salt and nutmeg, and the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, and set it over the fire to become hot; place a border of croutons of fried bread round a dish; put a row of potatoes cut into slices within the border; pour over it some of the above sauce; then arrange some more slices of potatoes in a smaller circle; then a layer of the sauce; and so on, until a raised center is formed; put a little sauce over the top, and cover it well over with two ounces more of the cheese and some bread crumbs; bake it for about twenty minutes, and serve hot.—Boston Herald.

NOVEL IDEAS ABOUT DOILIES.

Working Quotations Appropriate to the Month of the Year.

Doilies made to match the lunch cloth would be very pretty. A narrow hem and two narrow bands of drawn work with feather-stitching done in pointed lines, will make the appropriate edge, and the space within may be occupied by an initial or left plain.

A set of doilies containing allusions to the months, both in text and flowers, will be a charming remembrance for an artistic friend when the gift season comes, as come it will, long before we are ready for it, if we long ago began our preparations. The little linen doilies with hemstitched edge can be bought so cheaply that it is not worth while to make them. Draw upon each one of the set a flower or flowers appropriate to a certain month, and write a motto to be worked in outline stitch with black silk. A pretty sentiment for one, "September waves her golden-rod." On one side of the doily is a beautifully worked spray of golden-rod done with yellow silk in French knots. On another one the flowers are roses, the motto, "Sweetest roses welcome June." Some other sentiments which may be accompanied by suggestive flowers are "The violet hides from March's rough caress." "Our vine-wreathed king, October." "Poppies bloom in the field in fair July." "Hips and haws in bleak November." "September's child, the meadow-bell." "The stately foxglove, August's love." "The satin holly of December." "The gracious pine not even January's blast can strip." "The lichen soft is February's wintry smile." "Fruition's promise comes in May." "November's frost lays bare the nut." "Anemone, sweet April's lady." In working the quotations emphasis is given to the name of the month by working it in a color, while the remainder of the lettering is done with black.—Harper's Bazar.

Table Details.

The little thing of a table go far to make a good dinner, and where they are neglected there is only one result. But let close attention be paid to them, and those who received the benefit will not be slow to notice them. Care in [illegible] things generally means perfection in larger ones, and the woman who, at the head of the boarding-house, keeps her eyes on the former can be trusted for the latter. Butter may taste just as well where each boarder helps himself from one piece; but the taste of the hostess is noticed when it is served in forms found beneath a covering of chopped ice. These are the little things which make up a successful whole, and she is a wise woman who appreciates the fact.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Velvet Again in Vogue.

Silk velvet comes to the fore this season as a fabric pre-eminently adapted for trimming the new dress materials. Velvet skirts are also highly fashionable once again, and are worn beneath open-fronted coats of satin brocade, that have vests of white or ecru silk, embroidered, and finished with a lace frill that goes around the neck of the high collar, and is jaboted all the way down the front of the vest.—Chicago Post.

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—Snow.

—No mud.

—Is this cold enough for you?

—The public schools have closed for the holiday vacation.

—Only one marriage license was issued the past week and it was that of Meese Gunsallis and Minnie M. Culver, both of Snow Shoe.

—The progressive euchre party has already taken a firm hold on the young people in Bellefonte. Why not add checkers and domino?

—Mr. Miles Morrison, with Hale Hardware company, Philipsburg, was a visitor in Bellefonte on Wednesday and while here made a call at this office.

—Judge Furst was obliged to discontinue holding court at Huntingdon on Tuesday and return to his home in this place owing to a severe attack of the grip.

—That euterprising grocery firm, of Williamsport, Alex Bede & Co., are now sending out their calenders for the year 1892, and we acknowledge the receipt of one. Thanks.

—To Miss Helen Mills is due the credit for the success of the concert in the A. M. E. church last evening. It was this young lady who did all the training of the different persons who took part and the work performed by herself was beyond criticism.

—A musical and literary entertainment was given in the A. M. E. church Thursday evening for the benefit of the organ fund of the Sunday school. The programe of solos, choruses, recitations, dialogues, etc., was an unusually fine one and the entertainment exceptionally good.

—President George Roberts and a number of the other high officials of the Pennsylvania railroad, passed east over the Bald Eagle valley on Thursday. They traveled in their own special train, and were on their way home from a trip to the western part of the state where they had been on business connected with the transfer of the Allegheny Valley railroad.

—At a meeting of the board of directors of the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evening it was decided to engage a permanent Secretary, and consequently on Thursday morning Mr. Beardsley, of Watertown, N. Y., was telegraphed for and is expected here to-morrow. Mr Beardsley is said to be a hustler aud when he gets here the devil will have to take a back seat so far as the young men of Bellefonte are concerned.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO. Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

REPORT ON LOPPY'S DEATH.

NEW YORK, December 16, Warden Brown of Sing Sing sent to the deputy county clerk to-day a certificate of the death and the autopsy on the body of Martin D. Loppy, executed on December 7. Drs. McDonald and Ward report that there were a series of four brief contacts, occupying in all fifty-two seconds. The first lasted fifteen seconds, second eleven, the third fifteen and a half and the last ten and a half seconds. There were brief intervals between each contact to permit the wetting of the electrodes. The readings taken by Professor Ladey from the volt metre indicated a pressure of 1716 volts, with nearly seven amperes. An examination was made of the wrists, pulse and the ausculation of the heart after the last contact. The prisoner was pronounced dead at 12.05. The first contact took place at 11.52. Death, the physicians say, was apparently instantaneous and painless.

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

s 24-1 y

Eighteen Sailors Drowned.

London, Dec. 16.—The steamship Prince Soltykoff, which left Barry on Friday last loaded with coals for St. Nazaioe, France, has been wrecked on the Porsal rocks, off Brest, and of the crew of 19, Kelk, the mate is the only survivor. The most meager particulars only have been received. From these it appears the steamer struck on the rocks without warning and went down almost instantly.

Those of the crew who were able to make a dash for life were speedily swallowed up by the waves which were very high in the vicinity. Kelk was rescued in an almost exhausted condition.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents. Sold by F Potts Green Druggist Bellefonte.

'TWAS A FATAT WRECK.

THE COLUMBIA EXPRESS COLLIDES WITH A FREIGHT TRAIN.

LIMA, Ohio, December 16.—A fatal accident occurred on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, near this city, this morning. A freight train was standing on a siding when a west-bound passenger train came along. The engine, baggage, mail and day coaches passed the switch in safety, when a rail broke, throwing the rest of the train upon the siding against the engine and forward end of the freight. This part consisted of the dining car and two sleepers, one of which rolled down a ten foot embankment, causing the death of four persons and the injury of a large number of others.

The wrecked train was the Columbian vestibuled express, west bound, which was half an hour late, and which was speeding along to make up her lost time. The scene at the wreck was frightful. The sleeping car Arden lay on its side in a ditch. The Delphos sleeper was upright but badly wrecked, and the Parision dining car was in a similar condition, just as the freight engine had telescoped it. In the front end of this car the cook were busy getting breakfast, and when the crash came John H. Curtis and H. J. Manuel were in the kitchen at work. Manuel was caught by the locomotive boiler and some timbers and literally roasted alive. His cries for help were piteous in the extreme. He lived about half an hour. Curtis was also buried in the wreck. He was not rescued for over an hour and was horribly bruised and scalded. He died shortly after being taken out. Both men resided in Chicago. The fireman of the freight train was caught between the tender and boiler and killed. His name was John Wolf and his home is in Fort Wayne, Ind. Later the body of a man crushed beyond recognition was found under the dining car. In all about thirty-five or forty persons were injured.

IN OTHER COUNTIES.

La grippe has many victims in Huntingdon.

G. Walter Wythe, a well-known citizen of Philipsburg, died on Tuesday last, aged 48 years.

Samuel W. Collum, a well-known citizen of Huntingdon, died yesterday morning, aged about 78 years.

Mrs. Mary Moore, one of the oldest residents of Siglerville, Mifflin county, died on Saturdny last, aged 86 years.

The agreement between the rival Perry county railroads didn't last and they are now in the courts; a bad place for railroads and men.

The Baptist people of Satillo, Huntingdon county, are adding to their numbers, the result of a series of interesting evangelistic meetings.

Alfred Irvin, of Lewistown, while cutting timber near town last Tuesday, cut a deep gash in one foot, which will disable him for some time.

Peter Garlin, an old resident of Perry county, died at his home in Little Germany a few days ago, in his 86th year. He leaves many decendents.

Thirteen cars and one locomotive were broken up by a wreck at Beaver Station on the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad last Tuesday afternoon.

Westley P. Harvey, of Mapleton, a brake man on the Middle division, Pennsylvania railroad, had his collar bone broken while making a coupling last Monday at Mifflintown.

We notice that Rev. G. P. Sarvis, well known in Altoona, is in the midst of a revival meeting at Irvona, Clearfield county, which has already resulted in thirty conversions.

Jacob F Hoffman and son Lewis, of Centre township, Perry county, so far this season have killed four coons, nineteen opposums, thirty-three rabbits and fifteen partridges.

James Johnston, a resident of Clearfield county, who had his back broken by falling from a hand-car on the Beech Creek railroad five months ago, lingered until a few days ago, when death ended his suffering.

Man's Strange Inconsistencies.

A man will wade through two feet of snow to go to a dog fight, but six inches of the stuff will keep him away from church.

A man will get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to go fishing, but will calmly allow his better half to build the fire before he does go.

A man will spend a half day reading the latest French novel, but let his wife request him to read a chapter from the Bible to the children and immediately his eyes become unfit for use.

A man will tramp the hills and vales from daybreak to sundown in quest of the wily rabbit and consider it exhilerating exercise, but he will kick like a new shotgun when his wife asks him to take the baby out walking on Sunday afternoon.

Foraker's Friends At Work.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 16—A number of the friends of ex-Governor Foraker were here to-night, and a consultation was held relative to the senatorship. There were only three or four of the members, elect of the Legislature in the city. The principal thing under consideration was an effort to get Representative Griffin, of Toledo, to withdraw from the race for the speakership of the House, both he and Mr, McGrew, of Clark county, being what are known as the Foraker candidates. It is desired to avoid a contest in the interest of Foraker's candidacy for the Senate.

It is reported on good authority that Griffin was offered the nomination for Secretary of State next year, and it was also proposed to him that a Congressional district should be carved out for him in case he withdrew from the speakership contest.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Canary birds have been known to live 21 years.

In Russia, no polish Catholic is permitted to acquire land.

The famous blarney stone is about five miles west of the city of Cork.

The fall of snow this year in the Andes is greater than has ever been recorded.

The Indian chiefs on the Umatilla reservation have been reduced to the ranks.

The fuzz found on hogs this winter is said to indicate that the cold will be very severe.

It would take 145,000 cars of 400 bushels each to haul the wheat grown in Kansas last year.

The Bowery is a mile in length and reaches from Chatham square in New York to Fourth avenue.

The hen so common in these days originated in the Bankiva jungle, where wild chickens are still to be found.

The Lombards were the first money changers in Paris and one of the historic streets in London was named for them.

Deleware still preserves its whipping post. Recently a batch of chicken thieves received doses of the cat at New Castle.

"The size of a tower," says a Chinese proverb, "is measured by its shadow, and great men by the number of their enemies."

The European leech has driven the native American out of the market. The foreign are said to the better blood suckers.

The Philippine Islander smoke cigars a foot in length. The Burmese natives delights in loose rotten cigars from 6 to 18 inches long.

A locomotive has just been built at the Crewe works of the London and Northwestern Railway which is capable of drawing a a t e rate of 100 miles an hour.

LADIES

In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Pastilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

The New York *Tribune* thinks that the Democratic program now is to avoid fighting in the open on any question. The game will be not to commit themselves to definite line of policy on either the tariff or silver coinage. Instead of a new Tariff bill, which last year they so loudly and constantly asserted their purpose to bring in and pass and go to the country upon in 1892, they will content themselves with nibbling at the McKinley bill, peeking away at the details, making what capital they may by fault-finding with its separate provisions, and proposing quack remedies for such imperfection in it as they think they have discovered. In brief, the new program is to do as little open, square fighting as possible, but to keep up a sort of miscellaneous skirmishing, and bend all their energies to manœuvring for a position in 1892.

The success of Tammany in New York and in the organization of the House has established Tammany tactics as the rule of the party during the Presidential campaign, and Tammany tactics have always been confined to conducting campaigns by tricks and expedients instead of upon principles and doctrines. What Tammany wants is not the triumph of any principle—it cares nothing for Free Trade or free silver—but simply power and plunder. It made the present Speaker; it controls the present House; it sits in the saddle. Its program is agreed upon, and we shall see whether it can carry it out.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Flectric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine. made me feel like a new man," J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he founud new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease of life. Only 50c. a bottle, at C. M. Parrish's. Drug Store.

THE CLOSING SESSION.

The Christmas examinations at the Bellefonte Academy closed yesterday and were pronounced by one of the prominent patrons of the school, the most successful held there for years. The many friends of this thorough institution will be glad to learn of the good work being done on the hill amidst the improved surroundings and that a large number of pupils which is constantly increasing are being benefited by it.

The Fall's Work will be concluded tonight by an entertainment in Calisthenic Hall at 7.30 o'clock given by the music and Calisthenic Classes under the direction of Miss Emma S. Hughes. Admission only to those who have received tickets, because the number of seats is very limited.

SHE SAW THEM DIE.

The presence of Uncle Tom at the opera house this evening recalls to mind an amusing incident that transpired in this town a number of years ago. A young lady who was a stranger in Bellefonte and it must be admitted, somewnat unsophisticated attended a performance of Uncle Tom in Humes' Hall. The play was new to her and, being performed by a fairly good company seemed startlingly real. After the performance was over and every body had gone home the young lady was observed by a policeman standing near the entrance to the hall patiently waiting as if expecting some one. The special guardian of the peace approached and politely inquired if there was any way in which he could serve her. "Oh, no, she wisely replied. She had atteuded a play in the hall that evening and during its performance two persons had died and one man had been killed and she was just waiting there to see them bring the corpse out."

N. B.—Since writing the above we have been informed that the young lady in question was from Lock Haven.

THE WESTERN SETTLER'S CHOSEN SPECIFIC.

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climatic changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicity to be relied upon in time of need.

MERIT WINS.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on there merits—C. M. Parish. Druggists.

ONE POUND
PEOPLES HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON
—FOR—
Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from Impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the* IOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Tutt's Pills
To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain
Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.
Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and
Speedily Restore
to the bowels their natual peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.
Sold Everywhere.

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SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES
ATLAS ENGINE WORKS,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.
HIRES ROOT BEER THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK.
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling, and appetizing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and cards sent FREE to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take
BLUE PILLS
or mercury, they are dead ly. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.
Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately. Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or
Don't Wait!
Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use
Sulphur Bitters!
Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is
The Invalid's Friend.
The young, the aged and infirm are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow,
Try a Bottle To-day!
Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

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VEGETABLE — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL
PURELY — CALIFORNIA
DR. WALKER'S
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS
GRANDEST MODERN DISCOVERY
Triumph of Pharmacy
The only true practical
ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.
is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.
Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all a life-giving stimulus without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers *in the world.*
A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,
far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called
LIQUID LIFE,
since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*
It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist,* and no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known
CALIFORNIA,
if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, goat, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present
PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.
Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this
PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD.
In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up
THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.
THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO DELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
REMEMBER,
There is no *disease* of low vitality, debility or functions, or nervous prostration for which
VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,
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THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA
in malarial diseases, cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and so great is its power as a germicide that it is an
UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.
A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority *of the ills that flesh is heir to and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*
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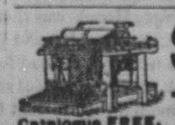
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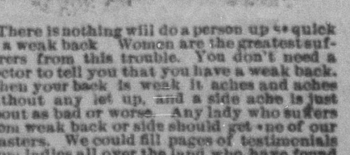
WHITE'S KIDNEY AND BACKACHE PLASTER
There is nothing will do a person up so quick as a weak back. Women are the greatest sufferers from this trouble. You don't need a doctor to tell you that you have a weak back. When your back is weak it aches and aches without any let up, and a side ache is just about as bad or worse. Any lady who suffers from weak back or side should get one of our plasters. We could fill pages of testimonials from ladies all over the land who have found comfort and permanent relief from the use of our plaster, but be sure you get the genuine every good thing is imitated. See that the shape is same as above, and made by the Rochester Drug Co., Rochester, N. Y. You will avoid disappointment. All druggists sell. eod

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESHER
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—Institute this week.

—Winter began Monday.

—Kittie Khoads next week.

—Christmas will soon be here.

—This is the coal dealers' harvest.

—Coal is not going up but cold is coming down.

—The school teachers have taken possession of the town.

—It is said that there are several cases of small pox in Altoona.

—Game hunting time will soon be over and then will come the house hunting time.

—This is the time of year when baked beans and Johnny cake make a good breakfast.

—The rate for long distance telephoning will be a cent a mile for five minutes conversation.

—Plenty of amusement this week and next to vary all the monotony of a humdrum life.

—Hon. Henry Hall's lecture on "The Gospel of Get There" in the court house this evening.

—Who is the handsomest young lady in Centre county? Watch these columns for an explanation.

—On Saturday the boy who was fortunate enough to own a pair of skates was in his element.

—If it continues this cold many days more the ice man can get in his work; also the plumber.

—Quite a number of Bellefonters have gone to the Quaker City to select their holiday presents.

—A. Mr. From is now telegraph operator and deputy ticket agent at the P.R.R. depot in this place.

This is the season when the the head of the family is expected to let his purse-strings hang loosely.

—All Centre county cases to be carried to the Supreme Court will be given a hearing on April 18, 1892.

—Ex-county superintendent, D. M. Wolf, is an interested attendant at the teacher's institute this week.

—The Uncle Tom show last night was good and drew a fair audience. The closing tableau was especially fine.

—Turkeys are going up in price; if you have not already purchased your Christmas fowl you had better do so at once and save money.

—It is understood that Miss Jennie Twitmire, the school teacher and a contestant for the watch, is a niece of the Editor of the *Gazette*.

—Russell H. Conwell, the great lecturer delighted a large Lock Haven audience on Thursday evening with his lecture on "Acres of Diamonds"

—Senator P. Gray Meek, of this place, is mentioned as one of those likely to succeed James Kerr as State Chairman of the democratic party.

—"This is not very healthy weather," remarked one of Bellefontes most prominent physicians on Friday. The weather is too changable, we suppose.

—The shade and ornamental trees around town are now receiving a general trimming up, especially is this the case with the trees in the court house yard.

—The passenger coaches on the Bald Eagle trains are all to be heated by steam. Conductor Zerbe's train on Friday was the first one to make the trip so heated.

—A surprise party was given on Friday evening at the residence of Mr. M. W. Cowdrick, on East Linn street, in honor of Mr. Harry Cowdrick. It was a very pleasant affair.

—The new engine at the electric light works is now up as is also the new arc light dynamo and it wont be many days now until Bellefonte will again be lighted with the arc light.

—How flat it must make a man feell when the postman tells him he has a letter for him on which two cents are due and, after paying the two cents, he opens the letter and finds it to be—a bill.

—The Tyrone bank closed its doors on Monday morning. An over drain upon resources compelled the suspension. It is said that there is every hope of the bank being able to meet all its liabilities if the creditors will only have a little patience.

—Don't forget Prof. Beard's Illustrated lecture in the new Catholic church next week, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Prof. Beard has a world-wide reputation and his lectures have become famous for the correctness with which they are given.

—Lookout for another wedding before long. Mr. James Harris, of Harris & Co's hardware store, says that some time ago they passed resolutions that every man in their employ would have to get married before the first of January or else skip. Two have already chosen the former and it is believed the remaining one will go and do likewise.

CENTRE COUNTY TEACHERS.

THE WORK DONE AT THE INSTITUTE IN THIS PLACE TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The forty-fifth annual session of the Teacher's Institute of Centre county convened in the court house in this place this morning at 10.30 oclock. In the county there are 259 teachers and only a few were absent from the first roll call and it is believed the most of those will come in on the next train.

Superintendent D. O. Etters has made elaborate preparations for this week's gathering of the county teachers and we predict as the result one of the best and most profitable institute ever held in Centre county. The instructors have all been chosen from among the best and there is no doubt but what they will prove their ability in every way. While as to the evening lectures and entertainments they could not have been better. Now let the teachers of the county see to it that the work of this week be a credit to themselves as well as to the county.

The teacher institute held its first meeting Monday in the Court house. The greater part of the morning was devoted to signing the Roll. Then they were called to order after which they sang the Doxology and then made the Old Court House ring by singing "My Country tis of The." Rev. D. M. Wolfe, offered a resolution expressive of sympathy at the illness of Prof. D. M. Lieb and expressing regret that he could not be present.

Rev. A. P. Horn D. D. spoke on subjects of OBJECTIVE Teaching, Explaned why winter's were milder at present than formally illustrated contagious combustion, how Rain fall is produced, exhibits different specimens of wood and gives a talk on that and recommended similar woods to be used in school's to teach objective teaching. Adjourned at 12 to convene at 1.30.

Arternoon session opened at 1.30 p. m. Music, entitled "Help it on," rendered by a large choir lead by Deputy State Supt. Houck. Also another very pretty piece entitled "Dip, Boys; Dip The Oar," President Etters then appointed the following committees.

Committee on Resolutions—J. N. McCloskey S. D. Gettig W. E. Keen, Miss Maggie Hanna and Miss E. Martin.

Committee on Elections—A. A. Pletcher J. F. Gartto, A. G. Archey. The President introduced Dr. Groff, of Bucknell College, he gave a talk on Hygine and Physology. He recommended use on study of Hygeine in the schools. He spoke of care of the eyes and cleanliness.

Singing, "Work for the night is coming" and Merrily Roll." Intermission. Dr. Horn gave a fine talk on the memory, illustrated his subject plainly. Singing; then adjourned till eight o'clock in the evening.

Evening session meeting called at eight.

Miss Bessie Dorworth favored audience with music. After which Deputy State Supt. Houck spoke on subject "Bound to Win"

Long before the court house bell pealed forth its ringing notes the court house was commencing to fill up. All the teachers seemed ready for business, and you could see that some were very anxious to hear the remarks of some of the distinguished speakers. Institute was called to order by Pres. D. O. Etters. Devotional Exercises were held by Rev. Ed E. Hosh our, of the Lutheren Church. He read the 16th Chapter of Proverbs. Then they sung "Son of My Soul" which was rendered with great zeal, Miss Bessie Dorworth presided at the piano and mainpulated the keys with great skill. The minutes were read by the Secretary, C, R. Neff, of Millheim, and were adopted. Prof D. O. Etters said that Institute was open for general discussion and that he hoped they would all take part. By the way the teachers all talked to each other at once you would think that it was a general discussion all around. Deputy Supt. Houck came into the room and there was general applause. Dr. Horn was told to start the ball of general discussion. He said that he did like to hear the teachers discuss any subject you wanted and believed they could have an experience meeting. He said he would give a subject, "How can whispering be prohibited in school." You can not stop it for it is a rare occasion to have a school where they do not let them whisper. I have noticed in Institute that teachers often whisper during the meeting but not here, you know it is some place else. You must regulate the whispering, I BELIEVE, at times You should PERMIT; but when you want entire silence then you can command it. He closed by saying that he wanted them to pitch in.

Dr. Groff, of Bucknell College, then gave his ideas on the subject of whispering. Several of the teachers asked question's in regards to whispering, and the Doctors met them bravely.

Mr. Gramley was called upon to give his views on the subject of whispering and spoke very well Dr. Horn then made a short address to clinch the subject and he just wanted to explain his views.

Music by a select choir lead by Deputy Supt. Houck. Supt. Houck was then introduced to the audience. He said that a bad beginning in teaching was bad for the school. I think that the school should have a progamme bu. then I dont think that they should tie themselves down to the programme for you will some day have your Supt. call on you and we may give you something out of your programme and pupils may fail.

He spoke about the youngest teacher in Pennsylvania, who is just fourteen years old, and she is teaching her second term now. Here he and Dr. Horn had a few friendly words about the National Educator. He spoke of the coming of the County Supt.; how nice the children behaved and then how nice they have their lessons but some time it don't happen to be that way for they are generally the worse when you have visitors. He spoke of opening the school by singing and then read your Bible and have a prayer. Don't let there be any confusion but dont be cruel to any of your pupils, for they may try to do right, but just be kind. I don't believe in loud studying but I believe in quiet studying. I don't think it proper for you to whip all the time but get control of your school by kindness.

How to help children to study is another subject. You must not work their lessons but throw out some points. I used to have to study the months and the days of week and only by the help of my teacher I got it. I like these old fashioned spelling classes for you can learn to spell. He told some of his experiences. Prof. D. O. Etters said that they would have Roll call. John Harrison acted as Roll Caller. A great many were present and answered to their names. Then they had music, lead by Mr. Houck. It was fine to hear the music ringing through the Court House.

Dr. Groff was introduced to institute. He spoke of the light and of the ventilation of the court House—Health—Sometime children come to school and get wet and I think they ought to be sent home for to get dry clothes. People who run out of doors this kind of weather catch cold.

Now to the ventilation of a school house I think it should be thrown open to ventilate. If the air is foul, I put my pupils on their feet and put them through an exercise while I open the windows or if you cannot do this give a short recess. I always throw door and windows open after each class. You must remember that dullness comes from foul air and so you ought to pay all the attention to the ventilation of your school rooms. Now as to the exercise of the pupils, and I think that you should teach them Calisthenics, for it developes the body and it makes the pupil less clumsy and you do not have enough exercise. You can hear the country boys or girls complain as soon as they get to teaching of being cold and having a headache. Now it is plain to be seen that we dont take enough exercise and if you take exercise you will not feel this way. I don't agree with the swinging of Indian Clubs in a small room. Take a three miles walk every day and you will soon see that it is benefitting you. You find a boy who pours over his books all the time and you will see that he will break down. Don't let your children lie down on the ground. Here is an illustration: A girl took a walk with some friends and becoming tired sat down when she was overheated and she has had trouble with her back ever since, that compells her to lie down all the time, being unable to walk. Don't let your children eat fast or drink ice water suddenly for it will hurt them. He spoke for about one hour and a quarter. It was a fine address. They then sang America then they practiced about twenty minutes. Adjourned till 1.30.

Institute was called to order at 140 by Supt. Etters. "Tis Moonlight on the Sea" was fittingly rendered by the institute choir, Miss Dorworth presiding at the piano. This rendition was followed by another. "The Mountain Maid's Institute.

Dr. Horne was the first speaker of the afternoon and he discoursed at length on "Methods of teaching different branches, common sense teaching, etc." The speaker captivated his audience by funny stories told to illustrate his ideas of common sense teaching. On the whole his talk was practical, interesting and instructive.

Prof. Gramley and Dept. Supt. Houck also discussed the subject so skillfully handed by Dr. Horne, after which there was more music, and then intermission. This seemed to be the most interesting time to all in attendance, as it gave ample opportunity for the gentleman to play the agreeable with the ladies to which they did not seem at all averse.

When the session was again called to order Supt. Houck took the stand and led in a patriatic song, after which Dr. Groff gave a common sense talk on History. At the conclusion of the Doctor's address institute sang "America," then came the roll call and adjournment. In the evening Hon Henry Hall gave an interesting, lecture on the subject "The Gospel of Get There."

—On Tuesday Mr. George R. Meek received through the mail a small wooden box that had all the appearance of an infernal machine. The box was about 4x4x6 inches in size and in the one end was a small hole. Of course George at once thought of Russell Sage and his narrow escape from death and very naturally thought that another fool was on the war path and he was to be the victim. On looking through the hole in the end of the box all was black as night and it seemed to George as if he could see destruction and death lurking therein. It was some time before he could work his courage up to the point of opening the box but he finally succeeded and, when the lid was pried off, there was disclosed to view two nice, large red California persimmons. George then breathed freer.

—What do you think of this for winter weather?

STABBED TO THE HEART.

DAVID QUINN IS KILLED IN A QUARREL—HIS MURDERER CAPTURED.

POTTSVILLE, Dec. 20.—A fatal stabbing affray occurred in Centennial hall, this place, at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Henry Clay lodge, Knights of Pythias, has been holding a fair during the week, Saturday evening Henry Shaw was met in the corridor of the hall by David Quinn. Quinn accused Shaw with insulting his sister. Hot words ensued, and Shaw drew a knife and stabbed Quinn in the left breast. The blade entered Quinn's heart, and death was instantaneous. The coroner held an inquest. Saturday was pay day at the big shops and the business streets were crowded. The killing caused great excitement, and Centre street was crowded in front of the drug store where the young man's body was being viewed by the coroner's jury. Young Shaw, after inflicting the fatal wound, dashed out of the building and down a side street. The whole police force was called in and sent to look for him, but he was not to be found.

LATER—Shaw was captured at 3 o'clock this morning.

MRS. CRITCHFIELD'S SUIT.

ERIE, PA., Dec. 17.—At the last session of the legislature the divorce statute was so amended as to permit the granting of a divorce to a party to a marriage performed in the state, the principals afterwards having removed to another state. An interesting case of this kind is at issue in the Erie courts and is the first action brought under the amended law. A few years ago Lawyer J. D. Critchfield came to Erie and wooed and wed Miss Mary Henderson, an heiress worth in her own right many thousands and with many more in prospect. The Hendersons are spiritualist, and the young lady's father will be remembered as having willed to the city of Cleveland and to his native town, New Castle, Pa., large amounts, far in excess of his real worth, for charities and industrical institutions. When the facts became known that the old gentleman had willed away his fortune his son-in-law Critchfield was angered, and family troubles began.

While Henderson's family got him away from Cleveland and into Pennsylvania to die and thereby saved a portion of his estate in Cleveland, family matters in the Critchfield portion of the kinship did not improve. A separation took place in Mt. Vernon, O., Mrs. Critchfield being brought to Erie by her mother. Critchfield attempted, through the services of detectives, to get possession of their only child, a boy, and failing brought action in the Cleveland courts against his mother-in-law, Mrs. J. Henderson, claiming damages in the sum of $10,000 for alienating the affections of his wife. This case was settled by a property concession to Critchfield in Ohio.

Critschfield laid all his family troubles to the influence of the spiritualistic mediums at Erie and Cassadaga, N. Y. Now his wife has commenced action against him in the Erie courts for divorce. The grounds being cruel treatment.

MORE THAN ONE.

There will be a general and hearty concurrence in the following from the Harrisburg *Patriot*: "Six days off! Six days of twenty-four hours each, hours linked together with golden chains, days bound by silken ties, days of rosy dawn and golden sunset in the household. Six days off Christmas!

Christmas, when all the world is merry. Why, then, only one Christmas in a year? Why only one day when all is gladness? Why not a heart Christmas every month? Why stodidly await the anniversary of the birth of the one who brought peace and good will?

We would not hinder the joys of this week nor of the next. But we may ask that all the pleasure be not spilt in one day or in a fortnight. Let us have souls for more Christmases. Heart-openings without waiting for December. Good deeds without holding back for a holiday. Let us make the sweetness, the joy, the light that comes with Christmas come oftener than once a year.

WEATHER PROVERBS FOR CHRISTMAS.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter.
A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.
A green Christmas, a white Easter.
A green Christmas makes a fat grave yard.
A wind on Christmas day, trees will bring much fruit.
If Christmas finds a bridge he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.
If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a man afterward.
The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than
If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day there will be an abundant crop the following year.

FLORENCE'S WHISKEY RECIPE.

Florence, the actor, once gave some advice to a friend in these words: "My Dear——: One gallon of whiskey costs about $3, and contains about sixty-five 15 cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife the barkeeper. When you are dry give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whiskey is gone, she will have, after paying for it $6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave." —New York Sun.

Letters Written By George Washington.

A large quantity of Washingtoniana, consisting of letters written and articles owned by the "Father of his Country" and members of his family was disposed of at auction sale at Baltimore on Tuesday. The sum of $8,951 was realized. Many articles were withdrawn because the bids were not high enough.

A letter written by Washington in June, 1783, to the commissioners of embarkation at New York relative to the evacuation of that city was bought by Joseph F. Sabin, of New York, for $400. The same gentleman paid $110 for a letter dated at Mt. Vernon, written by Washington to Levi Hollingsworth, of Philadelphia. A copy of the Arnold treason letter, in the handwriting of Robert H. Harrison, was sold for $220. A long letter that Washington wrote from Morristown in 1777, to Robert Morris, was bought by C. C. Harrison, of Philadelphia, for $655. A number of letters dictated by Washington and signed by him sold at from $53 to $160 each. A copy of Washington's will, on which his signature appears twenty-eight times and about which there is some doubt as to its authenticity, was sold for $350.

Among the relics sold were a dainty black velvet slipper worn by Martha Washington's at the inaugural ball for $90. Washington's violin, $370, and many other articles at good prices. Small articles owned by Nellie Curtis were sold at prices equal to those paid for relics of her distinguished step-father.

REFUSED TO BE HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.

Venango Citizen.

William Harman, a resident of Titusville, cammitted suicide a few days ago from a melancholy conviction that he was his own grandfather. Here is the singular letter that he left: "married a widow who had a grown up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife had a son—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, *i., e.*, my step-daughter, had also a son; he was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

DEPOSITORS MEET.

IRWIN, Pa., Dec. 18.—Another meeting of the depositors of Pool's bank was held to-night, about fifty being present with C. R. Fritchman as chairman and M. C. Gordon as secretary. A committee was appointed to wait on the Pools and their assignee, John D. Brown, and request their presence. P. S. Pool, Sr., and Mr. Brown responded. Mr. Brown briefly stated that he would do his duty, issue a statement as soon as possible, and be guided generally by the counsel of his attorney. He contradicted many of the sensational rumors current, and gave a list of the real estate actually assigned, which included the bank building, the residence of P. S. and S. F. Pool, the Pool farm-house and lot in Manor, and ten lots and house and lot in North Irwin. He said he would accept as one of his appraisers the choice of the depositors, and C. W. Gaut, A. Frank and S. Ridinger were balloted for the former being elected and approved by the assignee Gaut is a popular Irwin merchant and formerly was postmaster. Pool refused to make a statement and left early.

Judge Doty to-day refused to consider the request of the depositors for an assistant assignee of their choice. He stated that the choice lay with the firm and the appraisers were recommneded by the assignee. He could not grant the request under the law.

Up to 11 o'clock to-night no warrants were served here, and a canvass of the depositors failed to discover any who had brought suit. A number of those who made deposits the day predeeding the failure report this evening that they had been handed back their money.

—The advance agent for the Kitty Rhoades Comedy Company is in Bellefonte to-day completing arrangements for the appearance of his troupe in Bellefonte all of next week. It is hardly necessary for us to say much about this company as when it played in Bellefonte last it won for itself a reputation that will not soon be forgotten. Suffice to say that the repertorie of plays to be given next week are all new and fully as good if not better than those rendered last year.

JANUARY WEATHER FORETOLD.

REV. IRL R. HICKS MAPS OUT THE ELEMENTS ACCORDING TO HIS OWN IDEAS.

Rev. Irl Hicks, in *Word and Words*, makes the following predictions of January weather:—

"January will come in with storms of rain and snow, advancing from the western part of the continent. The warm wave which always goes before regular storms will cover most of the central and eastern sections, but the approach of a marked cold wave will be noted in the northwest. By about the 3d, the storms will have well pass off to the Atlantic, and bitter cold will dominate generally behind them.

Exposed regions are likely to suffer from the severe storms and the great cold following this period. Reasonable preparations and watchfulness will timely. About the 6th and 7th the reactionary movements will bring a rise in temperature with the return of rain and snow, to be followed in the West by renewed cold to about the 10th, spreading eastward later.

"The 11th is the central day of the storm period next following. About the 10th a low barometer with warmer weather and gathering storms will noticed in regions where our Winter storms first appear. While these storms are in their fury to the northwest, fair warmer days with southerly winds will prevail eastward and southward. By the 14th these weather conditions will have traversed the whole country, and the cold wave which set in in behind the storms about the 11th will have reached the Atlantic coast. A tangent of these storms is likely to strike in through Upper Canada and across New England in advance of disturbances that appear more to west of north. Blockades, with extreme cold following, will result at this period. The 17th and 18th are the reactionary days, about which dates very great extrems of temperature with hard storms will occur. Equinox of Mercury is on the 18th, aggravated by the approaching Venus Equinox on the 27th. Heavy snow and destructive sleet storms may be counted on, with probable thunder and heavy rain storms in the south.

"The next period runs from the 21st to 25th, and as it is near the center of the Venus disturbances it will be characterized by pecular Venus phenomena—very warm with lightning, thunder, hail and rain, turning suddenly to blizzards and followed by dangerous freezing. We admonish all not to be deceived and lured far from house and shelter by possible sunshine and warmth. The same admonition will apply forcibly to the reactionary days centering about the 29th. On the morning of the 29th, the moon will be new, which fact, added to the regular tendency to storms, and to the further fact that it is within forty-eight hours of the Venus Equinox, insures marked disturbances in the earth and atmosphere, Earth shakes need not surprise. The month will end in the midst of hard extreme freezing."

Personal Pencilings.

Mr. George W. Fisher, one of *Half*-moon township's representative citizens, spent Saturday in Bellefonte.

Mr, A. G. Morris, of Tyrone, has already passed around his christmas turkey to all his employees as well as the railroad employees at this place

Dr. John F. Harter, ex-recorder of Centre county, was an arrival in Bellefonte this morning and he will undoubtedly stay a couple days and take in the remainder of the teachers' institute. We also noticed "Billy" Tobias came up on the same train.

Mrs. G. W. Port and little son were among the arrivals on the Tyrone train last evening. Mr. Port will arrive to-day. They expect to make their future home in Bellefonte. Mr. Port is a brother of W. S. Port who so recently removed from our midst.

Mr. Lee Woodcock, who is in his Junior year in Princeton college, arrived home Friday evening. The Princeton Glee and Mandolin Club, of which he is a member, will start on their southern trip the 28th, giving their first concert at Baltimore. From there they will go to Washington, Richmond, Columbia, Wilmington, Atlanta and Savannah. From there they will take a boat for home.

Miss Joe Regan one of Snow Shoe's bright young ladies, who has been receiving instruction in dressmaking in Bellefonte since early in the spring, has completed the trade, and returned to her home last evening a "full fledged seamstress." Her many friends are sorry to lose her, but the best of friends must part, and they think perhaps she may not forget them. Her sister Miss Maggie, who came to Bellefonte yesterday, accompanied her home.

—Quite a nice rain on Tuesday.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE